The Post

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED IN GLASGOW EVERY SUNDAY MORNING.

NO. 632. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER] SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

RITISH SUCCESS AT TOWER HAMLETS

IGHT RENEWED ON MENIN ROAD.

EMY MAKES THREE ATTEMPTS TO RECAPTURE RIDGE.

LENT AERIAL COMBATS: SIXTY-HREE GERMAN MACHINES DOWN.

an troops made determined efforts yesterday to regain the Tower Hamlets ridge. Three strong attacks were completely repulsed by Durham troops.

er south our advanced troops gave way slightly before repeated attacks, but we securely hold all the ground gained on Thursday.

Douglas Haig reports great artillery and aerial activity. Our airmen engaged enemy troops and transport on the roads with machine-gun fire. Eighteen enemy machines were brought down, while twelve of our machines are missing. Ten and a half tons of bombs were droppend on enemy positions.

e official report last night from Paris 44 German aeroplanes are reported as destroyed or brought down crippled in the period 10th to 20th September.

an troops have suffered a severe set-back on the Dvina, having been driven to the east bank of the river. Germans claim the capture of Jacobstadt, and their report last night says the Dvina has everywhere been reached from Levenhof (twenty miles below Jacobstadt) downwards.

ORE FIERCE FIGHTING AT TOWER MLETS—THREE GERMAN ATTACKS.

FROM SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

France, 9.45 p.m., Saturday.

During the day heavy fighting has again taken place south of Ypres-Menin road.

The enemy has fought with great determination, but without ss, to regain possession of the Tower Hamlets region.

n the course of the day three strong counter-attacks north of Hamlets were completely repulsed by Durham troops.

Repeated hostile attacks made further south compelled our ced troops to fall back slightly from part of the ground gained rday morning in this area. The whole of the positions captured on the 20th inst. are securely in our possession.

On the remainder of the battle front the enemy has made no er counter-attacks.

Great artillery activity continues on both sides all along the

A raid attempted by the enemy early this morning in the neighood of the Arras-Cambrai road was prevented from developing r fire.

We carried out a successful raid east of Monchy-le-Preux, and ured a few prisoners without loss to our own troops.

LL-BOX GARRISONS CONQUERED.

France, Saturday Night.

Thursday was a red-letter day in the history of this war in more than one.

Not only does it mark a magnificent victory. It marks the -knell to German hopes of being able by means of their "pill-" to arrest our further progress by a method of obstruction did seem well-nigh insuperable.

e pill-box has withstood shell-fire in a remarkable degree, but cupants have not withstood concussion in a like degree. A -burst that may leave the concrete cupola intact will reduce sheltering under it to nose-bleeding and unconsciousness.

Again and again during Thursday's advance the men who had holding these block-houses crawled out in front of them with machine guns and rifles, preferring to take their chance in the to facing the risks of remaining bottled up.—Press Association al Correspondent.

GREAT AERIAL FIGHTS.

TEN AND A HALF TONS OF BOMBS DROPPED.

19 GERMAN MACHINES DOWN.

From Sir Douglas Haig.

France, 9.45 p.m., Saturday.

On the 21st inst. the weather improved, causing great aerial activity.

A great deal of successful work was done with the artillery, our aeroplanes and balloons ranging the guns on to hostile batteries, troops in trenches, and shell holes, and other fleeting targets.

Our low flying machines continued to harass the enemy's infantry and transport in both forward and back areas.

Bombing was also continued, and four tons of bombs were dropped by day on Roulers Railway Station, on an aerodrome and billets in the vicinity of Lille, on an aerodrome south-east of Cambrai, and on hutments in the battle area.

Infantry Engaged By Aeroplanes.

At night a further six and a half tons of bombs were dropped on Roulers, Thielt, Deghem, and Menin Railway Stations, and on masses of transport and troops on the Menin-Ypres Road.

The enemy's troops and transport on this road were also effectually engaged with machine gun fire, many thousand rounds being fired by our machines from a height of 400 feet.

Enemy aircraft were extremely active and aggressive until the afternoon. Activity then died down considerably, the enemy's refusing combat.

Ten German aeroplanes were brought down in fighting, and eight others driven down out of control.

Another enemy machine was brought down by our infantry on the 20th inst., in addition to those already reported for that day.

Twelve of our machines are missing, including two which have not returned from night bombing.

A TRIUMPHANT VICTORY.

PILL-BOX DEFENCES OVERCOME.

(FROM PRESS ASSOCIATION SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

France, Saturday Night.

We are all singularly cheerful out here this sunny week-end. It is not only what our incomparable army, nobly aided by the Australians and the South Africans, have accomplished during the past three days; it is the fact that they have been able to accomplish it.

The problem set by the new German scheme of defending an area in depth instead of a front in line was a stupendous one. When one realises that a single machine gun placed to advantage can hold up an entire battalion it is not difficult to figure the meaning of thousands of these weapons scattered among a mass of sunk pill-boxes and camouflaged shell craters over the face of a country which peculiarly lends itself to this method of resistance.

Defensive Power of Pill-Boxes.

One has to have seen these concreted forts in order to appreciate their defensive strength. In the Nonne Boschen, for instance, they are clustered thick among the black tree fangs often ranged in Echelon, so as to be able to concentrate a great barrage of machine-gun fire.

There is one qualifying disadvantage apparently in every fresh device conjured by the Huns' ingenuity. The deep fire-proof dugout of the Somme proved to be all that was expected of it. But it also proved to be something which had not been expected, namely — a death-trap on account of the length of time it took the garrison to emerge in case of a surprise.

Drawbacks of the Pill-Boxes.

A serious draw-back of this pill-box form of disconnected resistance which must have revealed itself to the Germans is the total lack of cohesion between the defensive troops. Men fighting in small isolated bodies cannot conform to any definite tactical scheme, and they also lack the moral sense which comes of the knowledge of being supported.

Nor can they find any special encouragement in the fact that it is the plan of the German High Command to let the attackers take these strong points before launching counter-attacks.

The Huns have applied what have heretofore been regarded as outpost principles to the general resistance of a whole army, and the battle of the Menin Road has demonstrated that the crushing powers of assault are too heavy for this system to withstand.

This is the triumphant lesson of Thursday last.

Our Strategic Position.

We have fought the uphill game most of this year, and fought it so well that nearly everywhere now along our front we are looking down upon the Germans. None realise better than they do what this is going to mean to them during the long, dreary winter, from the very contemplation of which they are so shrinking.

Our American kinsmen are bidding us hold on, for they are coming, coming, coming. Well, not only are we holding on, but going on.

This is a plain fact good enough in itself without any garnishing of heroics.

44 AEROPLANES BROUGHT DOWN.

FRENCH AIRMEN'S SUCCESS.

FRESH GERMAN FAILURE IN CHAMPAGNE.

Paris, Saturday Night.

Both artilleries showed marked activity on the whole of the Aisne front, especially towards Wennejean Farm, in the regions of Cerny and Courcy.

In Champagne the Germans made an attack on our positions between Maisons de Champagne and Main de Massiges. Some enemy parties were able to approach our lines, and to gain a footing in a trench element, whence we drove them out after brisk fighting.

On our part we entered a German trench towards Beausejour, destroyed some shelters, and brought back some material

On the right bank of the Meuse there were rather lively artillery actions towards Bezonvaux.

During the period from 10th to 20th September fifteen German aeroplanes and one captive balloon were brought down by our pilots. In addition twenty-nine enemy machines were forced to descend in a crippled condition in their lines as a result of fighting.—French Night Official Report.

FIVE BIG ATTACKS CRUSHED.

GERMANS FUTILE EFFORTS TO REGAIN POSITIONS.

France, Saturday.

During the course of yesterday evening and last night the Germans have been doing just what we had expected and were fully prepared for, namely, counter-attacking our newly won positions in mass formations.

The first of these big attempts was made about 6.50 p.m. upon a wide front held by British and Australian troops.

Coming from the direction of Gravenstafel and followed the line of the Ypres-Roulers Railway, the field grey columns advanced and deployed under cover of a very heavy barrage. Our artillery replied to the S.O.S. very promptly and with great intensity, and, the light being good for aerial co-operation, the Huns suffered heavily from shell fire.

Apparently these were fresh troops brought up from reserve, for they pressed home the attack with great determination. At one time they had penetrated our line on a front of about three hundred yards, and after a while desperate hand-to-hand fighting ensued. Our supports, however, took up the struggle, and presently the Germans began to waver.

Counter-Attack at Tower Hamlets.

They were being enfiladed from numerous pill boxes and concreted shell holes which we had recently taken from them, and by the time they had been driven completely off the ground again their losses had been piled up in an appalling manner.

By 9.0 p.m. the situation was reported all clear, and attack has definitely failed.

Further South the enemy counter-attacked our latest gains upon the little Tower Hamlets' ridge at 8.10 p.m., and here again there was very heavy fighting. The position hereabouts does not seem quite clear as yet, but, whilst at one time the Germans had penetrated the ground we took from them earlier in the day, the whole of our original gains upon this spur were never reached.

ARGENTINE ULTIMATUM.

BREAK WITH GERMANY.

SEQUEL TO SWEDISH REVELATIONS.

London, Sunday Morning.

A message was received by Reuter's Agency early this morning from Buenos Ayres announcing that the Argentine Government has sent an ultimatum to Germany.

Buenos Ayres, Saturday.

In the Chamber to-day the Minister for Foreign Affairs made a statement on the situation.

Radical Deputies of the President's Party gave notice of a motion proposing that if Germany did not give most ample explanations a state of war should be declared.

This is the sequel to the Swedish revelations regarding Count Luxburg's instructions to the German Government to sink Argentine ships "without trace," which were disclosed a fortnight ago through the agency of the American Secret Service.

Germany has been endeavouring to conciliate the Argentine owing to the fact that they have large financial and shipping interest in that country.

GERMAN ADVANCE ON DVINA.

London, Saturday Night.

The Russian armies have met with a serious set-back in the Dvina, according to messages received here to-night.

Indications of a coming German blow in this region were evident for some days, and to-night the Russians report as follows:—

In the region of Jacobstadt the enemy fiercely bombarded our positions, and at noon started an attack, and occupied parts of our positions south-west of Adfini.

After piercing our lines in this sector also, some of our positions were captured two miles distant from the Dvina. Our detachments, under cover of our rearguards, retired to the right bank of the Dvina.

The German report to-day dealing with this action says:—In an impetuous thrust the enemy was forced back against the Dvina. Under the pressure of our troops he yielded the bridgehead twenty-five miles wide and about six miles deep on the western bank of the Dvina and fled in haste to the eastern bank.

Jacobstadt is in our hands. Up to the present over 400 Russians have been taken prisoner, and over fifty guns are announced as booty.

KAISER'S VISIT TO SOFIA.

London, Saturday Night.

With reference to the Kaiser's journey to Sofia the Central News is informed that there is considerable mutual suspicion between Germany and Bulgaria.

For several months the Imperialistic German Socialist Herr Wendel has been conducting a strong campaign against the exaggerated Bulgarian pretensions in Macedonia. His articles created a storm of indignation throughout Bulgaria, and feeling ran so high that the Bulgarian Prime Minister proceeded to Berlin, and on his return declared that the Russian formula of "no annexations and no indemnities" did not concern Bulgaria, only Germany.

Shortly afterwards the relations between Bulgaria and Turkey became strained. The entry of Greece into the war, and the adherence of Germany to the "no annexation" formula added to the hints made by German politicians that Germany is not desirous of continuing the war, for Bulgaria's Imperialistic aims have created a great deal of anxiety in Bulgaria.

Bulgaria wants all the territory she is now in possession of, and in order to retain it is begging Germany to send more money, more men, and more artillery.

Germany cannot meet these demands, and the Kaiser has gone to Sofia to comfort his foxy cousin with promises of men and money

KAISER'S REPLY TO POPE.

POSES AS A LOVER OF PEACE

STINGING COMMENT ON THE NOTE.

London, Saturday Night.

The text of the German and Austrian reply to the Pope's Note, issued to-day, is regarded here as a characteristic German production, craftily worded, and ringing with insincerity.

A statement Reuter obtained to-night from a competent source has a stinging comment on the sympathy which the German Government expresses towards the principle of the moral power of right.

A Dutch comment naively points out that the document begins with a lie in respect of the responsibility for the start of the war.

The opinion expressed in Washington official circles is that the replies of Germany and Austria to the Pope's peace proposals contain nothing that will in any way alter the position of the United States as outlined in President Wilson's reply to the Pope.

A telegram from Vienna states that the Austrian reply (much the same as the German one) to the Pope's Note has caused great satisfaction throughout the empire. The police has given the Socialists permission to organise for to-morrow a great demonstration and procession in Vienna.

GERMANS CRAFTY REPLY TO THE POPE.

The principal points of the German reply to the Pope are as follows:—

The effort of Pope Benedict to pave the way to an understanding amongst the peoples may the more surely reckon on a sympathetic reception and whole-hearted support from His Majesty, seeing that the Kaiser, since taking over the Government, has regarded it as his principal and most sacred task to preserve the blessings of peace for the German people and the world.

In the crisis which led to the present world conflagration His Majesty's efforts were up to the last moment directed towards settling the conflict by peaceful means. After war had broken out, against his wish and desire, the Kaiser, in conjunction with his high Allies, was the first solemnly to declare his readiness to enter into peace negotiations.

The German people supported His Majesty in his keen desire for peace. Germany sought within her frontiers free development of her spiritual and material possessions and outside Imperial territory unhindered competition with nations enjoying equal rights and equal esteem.

The free play of forces in the world in peaceable wrestling with one another will lead to the highest perfecting of the noblest human possessions. The disastrous concatination of events in the year 1914 absolutely broke off the hopeful course of development, and transformed Europe into a bloody battle arena.

The Moral Power of Right.

The Imperial Government welcomes, with special sympathy, the leading idea of the peace appeal, in which His Holiness expresses his conviction that, in future, the material power of arms must be superseded by the moral power of right. We also are convinced that the sick body of human society can only be healed by the fortifying moral strength of right. From this would follow, according to the view of His Holiness, simultaneous dimmution of armed forces of all States, and the institution of obligatory arbitration in International disputes.

We share the view of His Holiness that definite rules and certain safeguards for simultaneous and reciprocal limitation of armaments on land, and sea, and in the air, as well as for the true freedom and community of the high seas, are things in treating which the new spirit that, in the future, should prevail in international relations, should find its first hopeful expression.

The task would then of itself arise of deciding International differences of opinion, not by the use of armed forces, but by peaceful methods, especially by arbitration, the great peace producing effect of which we, together with His Holiness, fully recognise.

The Imperial Government will in this support every proposal which is compatible with the vital interests of the German Empire and people.

"NOT ONE WORD OF REPARATION."

Stinging Comment on Kaiser's Note.

London, Saturday Night.

Reuter's Agency has received the following statement from a competent source:—

It seems hardly necessary, especially in view of President Wilson's reply to the Pope, to comment at length on the German reply, but it may be pointed out that it contains not one word as to restoration or reparation.

Recent history, and especially the correspondence between the Kaiser and the ex-Czar, published a few days ago, form an interesting commentary on the Kaiser's contention that a preservation of peace has been his principal and most sacred task.

The sympathy which the German Government has expressed towards the principle of the moral power of right comes well from those whose blood-stained record includes the ravaging of Belgium, the murder of peaceful civilians, the sinking of passenger and merchant ships, the dropping of bombs on undefended towns, the murders of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt, the torpedoing of hospital ships, the bombardment of hospitals, the deportations from Belgium and North France, the connivance, in wiping out, by their ally the Turk, of the Armenian nation and countless other crimes.

Nor does the talk of morals and right come well from those who were responsible for the organisation of intrigues and espionage in the United States since the beginning of the war, which is revealed in to-day's newspapers.

"REPLIES BEGIN WITH A LIE."

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Telegraaf commenting on the replies of the Central Empires to the Pope says certainly these two documents might exercise an enormous influence on the course of the war, and in no small measure hasten the advent of peace if only the smallest credence could be attached to the signatures, which are affixed to them. How shall Germany's enemies or intelligent neutrals be able to see in these replies, which both begin with a lie about Austrian and German innocence, anything else than another attempt to mislead opponents and to sow dissension among them, and weaken their strength for attack.

Rome, Saturday Night.

The reply of the Central Empires has been a disillusionmnt even for the Vatican, according to all impartial reports. The Holy See, is, however, presenting a good face to bad news. Political circles here observe that both Berlin and Vienna are much less specific in stating their intentions regarding the peace conditions which they intend to propose than the Pope himself, whose Note to the Allies was already found to contain insufficient proposals.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to a Berlin telegram all the newspapers dwell on the dignified language of the German reply to the Pope.

The Catholic organ Germania believes that is also the Pope's view that no need existed for going into details in reply, as the Pope's only desire was to find a basis for a rapprochement with the enemy governments, which he has succeeded in doing so far as Germany and Austria are concerned.

The Vorwaerts says the note causes surprise by the warmth with which it declares in favour of the ideas of disarmament, and international arbitration. It cannot be desired, it says, that in this respect a really new spirit is speaking which creates a new situation.

PRISONERS AT RUHLEBEN.

DISQUIETING NEWS OF THEIR HEALTH.

THE GERMAN PROMISE OF RELEASE.

London, Saturday Night.

Tens of thousands of friends of British civilians interned in Germany are in considerable anxiety as to the present position of affairs relating to them.

Under the Hague Convention, agreed upon between Germany and this country in July last, 16,000 military and civilian prisoners of both countries are to be sent to Holland, of which 85 per cent. will be Germans, the ratio being four to one Englishman. The proportion of civilians which this will release from Ruhleben is 400 only, and the ground of ill-health is to be the determining factor in choosing this number.

This means that 2000 more will still be left in the camp, who can only be released by an extension of the Hague Convention, and this would be dependent upon the accommodation being found in other neutral countries.

Civilian Prisoners Over 45.

A long time since it was agreed that civilian prisoners over forty-five years were to be transferred to their own countries, but this has only been partially carried out. The complete fulfilment of this bargain, as of the Hague agreement mentioned, is dependent upon an agreed port of embarkation and the necessary shipping facilities.

It appears to be one thing to make an agreement with Germany and altogether another thing to get it carried through. It is to be hoped that facilities will be forthcoming after so long a delay so that this modicum of prisoners may be released.

In the event of ships not being available, it is asked why should they not be brought home via Switzerland and France, even as the military have been. The difficulty is not insuperable if tackled resolutely.

Disquieting News.

As military prisoners of over eighteen months' standing are to be given their freedom, it does seem hard that civilians who have been interned for three years should be still left in captivity.

While it is exceedingly interesting to know what British pluck and enterprise have done at Ruhleben in the way of sports, education, art, horticulture, and so on, this must not be considered an excuse for prolonging the internment. Indeed, such enterprise should be an argument for helping those who have helped themselves.

Disquieting news continues to come through as to the serious mental effect on those unfortunate fellow-countrymen.

OPERATIONS ON EGYPTIAN FRONT.

Press Bureau, Saturday.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

The situation in Egypt remains normal. The report in a recent Turkish communique of an engagement with large forces of our mounted troops has no foundation.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The official communique issued from Constantinople states:—On the Sinai front the artillery activity increased. There is no news from the other fronts.

KAISER'S REPLY TO POPE—Continued.

BACON PRICES FIXED.

FOOD CONTROLLER'S ORDER.

Press Bureau, Saturday.

The Ministry of Food forwards the following Order for publication:—

The Bacon, Ham, and Lard Maximum Prices Order, 1917.—The Food Controller, as respects bacon of the several descriptions specified in the undernoted schedule imported into the United Kingdom on or after the 21st September, 1917, authorises the sale of such bacon by the importer, manufacturer, or curer thereof at any prices not exceeding the prices specified for the same in the schedule.

This authority shall not apply to any bacon imported before the 21st September, 1917.

The Food Controller may withdraw this authority at any time if in his opinion the circumstances warrant the withdrawal.

For the purpose of this authority importers shall have the same meaning as in the Bacon, Ham, and Lard Maximum Prices Order, 1917, and bacon shall be deemed to be imported as at the time when the ship is brought to at the place where the bacon is to be unshipped.

Description of Bacon.

	Prices per 112 lb., ex port.
Canadian Wiltshire cut	162s.
Wiltshire cut cured American	159s.
Long rib	158s.
Cumberland	160s.
American Wiltshire cut	157s.
Cumberland cut	157s.
Bellies	165s.
Long clear	165s.
Short clear backs	162s.
Short rib	162s.
Short clear	165s.
Rib backs	164s.
Long rib	153s.
Dublin cut	151s.

If box weight terms, 1s per cwt. less for all the above descriptions.

SUGAR FOR PERSONS WHO CHANGE RESIDENCE.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The Food Controller announces that special provisions will be made under the sugar distribution scheme for (1) persons transferring their residence from one district to another, over a period of not less than four weeks. (2) Persons regularly travelling or otherwise needing special provisions to enable them to obtain their sugar.

The classes for which such special provisions will be made include soldiers and sailors on leave; soldiers in billets, and on farm furlough; commercial travellers, theatrical and variety companies; boatmen, bargemen, lightermen, fishermen, and crews of coasting vessels; caravan dwellers, fruit and hop pickers, &c.

It should be noted that no special allowance will be made to persons ordinarily provided for through hotels, boarding-houses, and other establishments, for which special arrangements have already been made.

The ouga rcards do not come into force until 30th December, and full instructions will be issued to local food committees to enable them to deal with the cases referred to in such a way as to ensure that persons of the classes mentioned are not prevented from obtaining sugar after that date.

STATE BUYS UP INDIAN AND CEYLON TEA.

Press Bureau, Saturday.

The Food Controller has under preparation a scheme for the purchase in India and Ceylon of all tea for export to the United Kingdom.

Arrangements for the distribution of tea so purchased, after arrival in the United Kingdom, are still under consideration.

There will be as little interference as possible with regular trade practice. Any statements made unofficially of the settlement of a scheme of distribution are unauthorised, and may be disregarded.

NAVAL ATTACK ON OSTEND.

London, Saturday.

Naval works at Ostend were this morning bombarded by the ships of our Belgian Coast patrol with satisfactopry results.

Three seaplanes attempting to assist the enemy by observation were shot down by our air patrol.

During the night of the 20th and the morning of the 21st bombing raids were carried out by naval aircraft on the following military objectives:—

Aertrycke, Sparappelhoek, and Thourout acrodromes, and Thourout railway station.

Bombs were also dropped near Atelier de la Marine, Ostend.

A large quantity of bombs were dropped with good results. The bombers were attacked by numerous enemy aircraft, which were driven off with the assistance of a R.F.C. patrol. All our machines returned safely.

CHEAP BREAD IN FALKIRK

Falkirk, Saturday Night.

On the introduction of the ninepenny loaf on Monday, Falkirk Co-Operative Baking Society intimated that the price of the 4 lb. loaf without dividend would be 8d, and with dividend 9d. Private traders have maintained their price at 9d throughout the week, and in some cases an additional halfpenny was added to cover delivery, credit, or both.

These prices have affected the sales of the Society enormously. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday 500 additional 2 lb loaves were baked compared with the same days last week and on Friday and to-day the increase reached one thousand. Thus for the week no fewer than 4000 extra 2 lb loaves have been sold.

BOY BURGLARS' EXPLOIT.

LIVE EIGHT DAYS IN MINISTER'S HOUSE.

PARSON RETURNS GOOD FOR EVIL.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

While the Rev. Lachlan M'Lean Watt was on holiday five Edinburgh boys for eight days made themselves at home in his house at 7 Royal Circus, Edinburgh, and to-day they appeared in Edinburgh Burgh Police Court charged with housebreaking and the theft of a number of articles, including an electric torch, a tiger's claw, a chaplain's cap badge, a rosary, and three revolvers. From the house adjoining Mr Watt's the boys pleaded guilty to the theft of a pound of sugar, one pound of currants, and a cake. The articles stolen were valued at £19 10s.

According to the police the boys had spent a happy time in Mr Watt's house, and even went the length of each cultivating a small patch of ground in the minister's back garden.

Mr Watt, who attended the Court, said a number of the articles, which had not been recovered, had a purely sentimental value to himself. His nephew, who had been killed at the first battle of Ypres, had left behind a casket. He did not know what it contained, but it had been torn open, and the boys now told him that it contained papers and a lock of hair which he knew to be that of the boy's mother.

Bailie Archibald said he would put the boys, whose ages ranged from ten to thirteen years, under probation for twelve months.

Mr Watt offered to look after the boys if the Court would allow it. He did not think they were essentially bad boys.

To this proposition the Magistrate agreed, remarking that he knew Mr Watt would look after them well.

HISTORICAL PAGEANT IN GLASGOW.

Striking Spectacle.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Great interest was displayed in the pageant arranged by the Scottish Meat and Allied Trades, which toured the principal streets of the city in procession this afternoon. The event was part of the splendid effort being made by the association in aid of our limbless sailors and soldiers.

The pageant represented women of the past, present, and future, and about fifty different tableaux, with numerous individual characters, were included in a procession, striking both for clever conception and brilliance of design and colouring. The past represented the days of Joan of Arc, women of early Britain, with Britannia, her colonial daughters, and women of the Allied nations in this introductory section. Munition workers, the the women's agricultural army, and various volunteer organisations were included in the "Present" part of the pageant, while the "Future" dealt with aviation and other prospective developments, concluding with a talbeau descriptive of the adage, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

In George Square the great munition choir rendered appropriate selections, and Lord Provost Dunlop also received the salute there as the procession marched past.

In the evening the Carnival at the Meat Market was crowded.

Mrs Cargill and Mrs Robertson, Carnbooth, were the judges in the fancy dress competition.

The awards were as follows:—

Women of the Past—1 Miss Robertson, who represented the Early Victorian period in a dress 100 years old; 2 A Weaver; 3 Joan of Arc.

Women of the Future—1 Jeannie Miller (Girl Miner); 2 Autumn; 3 Seaforth Highlander.

LIMBLESS SOLDIER'S OUTBREAK.

Airdrie, Saturday.

At the Sheriff Court to-day—Hon. Sheriff Motherwell on the Bench—Patrick Ellis, a watchman, formerly a soldier, and who wanted a leg, was accused of disorderly behaviour in the Alexandra Bar, Main Street, Bellshill, yesterday, and smashing a panel of obscure glass in the side door.

He admitted the charge.

Mr W. W. Allan, Depute R. F., stated that accused had been tipsy and was being ejected from the public-house for helping himself to other men's beer at the bar, when he became violent and drove his fist through the glass.

He was fined £1, or ten days.

REV. JOHN M'NEILL IN GLASGOW.

Optimism at the Front.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

"The men on the Western front are exceedingly hopeful, an optimistic view shared both by officers and men."

This was the opinion expressed to a "Post Sunday Special" representative to-night by the Rev. John M'Neill, the popular evangelist, on his arrival in the city from London.

"I had many interesting chats with our gallant soldiers. The men are living under conditions in which you cannot fairly test the effect of religious impressions. I am sure that when they return to civilian conditions our soldiers will lead a sober, industrious life."

Private John Anderson, Black Watch, who recently escaped from a German internment camp, where he was a prisoner of war, and who has arrived home at Longriggend, was met by a large number of his friends in the Parish Church of Meadowfield, and presented with a gold watch, albert, and seal, and a purse of Treasury notes.

GREAT GLASGOW FIRE.

HUGE DRAPERY WAREHOUSE GUTTED.

POST OFFICE IN DANGER.

Glasgow, Saturday.

One of the most alarming fires that has taken place in the city within recent years broke out about eight o'clock this evening in the premises of William M'Lare & Company, Limited, warehousemen and manufacturers, 5 South Hanover Street. So rapidly did the flames spread that within an hour of the Fire Brigade being summoned the building was gutted, little but the four walls being left standing. By the time the Fire Brigade arrived on the scene the fire had obtained a firm hold of the building, and it was only a matter of minutes as to where or how the conflagration occurred.

Messrs M'Laren's building is a large one, at the corner of South Hanover Street and George Square, and, when Firemaster Waddell arrived on the scene, he at once set himself not only to subdue the flames, but at the same time to prevent them spreading to the warehouse of J. P. Harrington (Ltd.), which adjoins the building on South, or the block of warehouses on the which adjoins the building on the west, the block of warehouses, entered from George Square, which adjoins M'Laren's building on the west.

Burned Like Matchwood.

In that Mr Waddell and his staff succeeded admirably, and by nine o'clock there was no danger of the flames spreading beyond the building in which the fire occurred. Messrs M'Laren's building, however, had "gone like matchwood," to the words of a spectator. At half-past eight o'clock, when the fire was at its height, the interior of the building represented a gigantic furnace from which dense volumes of smoke and brilliant showers of sparks rose high into the air, causing a glare which could be seen for miles around the city. From all parts of the city people hurried to the scene of the conflagration, most of them finding, as is not unusual in the case of a big fire, that the locus was several streets further away than the location of the fire would suggest.

Slowly but surely the firemen got the mastery, although a loud and ominous noise at irregular intervals indicated that another part of the flooring had given way. Although at half-past eight o'clock the building had been a blaze of light, the interior the empty window frames of which showed a mass of smouldering wreckage could be seen, by nine o'clock the building was gutted, but for an occasional flare, upon which one or more of the twenty water jets were promptly turned.

Post Office in Danger.

All the district fire stations were represented, some 13 lines of hose being brought on from Hanover Street, and seven or eight more from George Square. The adjoining house of Messrs Harrington escaped with fire damage that was comparatively trifling, although the harm done by smoke and water must be very considerable. At one time it was feared that the Post Office, which stands on the other side of Hanover Street, might become involved.

Sparks and pieces of burning wood were flying thickly through the air, and on more than twice it looked as if the Post Office would get alight. Such was the heat in the vicinity of the burning building that the walls of the Post Office became so hot that dense volumes of steam hissed from the windows when the firemen turned the water on to that building. That the danger was not a real one will be understood when it is mentioned that the Fire Brigade had a station in the Technical College, several hundred yards away, where a flying spark had set fire to one of the window-frames. The prompt arrival of the Brigade, however, fortunately, prevented a second outbreak of fire from occurring before the firemen had finished their task at the other building.

In these days of enhanced values, and more for building material and for soft goods generally, it is very difficult indeed to arrive at a definite estimate on the loss. But although the total loss, taking building and stock together, cannot eb far short of £70,000.

One result of the fire was to interfere to a serious extent with the tramway service. The lines of hose which lay across the north and south sides of George Square necessitated the stoppage alike of the Dennistoun Kelvinside (green) cars, the Maryhill and Mount Florida (red) cars, and the Springburn hill and Shawlands Cross (blue) cars.

Seldom indeed has there been a greater crowd in George Square and its approaches, and a moderate estimate would be at least 100,000 persons. At the height of the fire, when the scene in George Square was at its most striking, the gigantic dimensions of the conflagration being revealed by the huge tongues of flame which leapt to an immense height.

MOULDERS' LIVELY MEETING.

Glasgow, Saturday.

There was an attendance of about a thousand at the mass meeting of Glasgow and district ironmoulders, held in the Trades Hall to-day to consider the present crisis. Mr William Macbeth, secretary of the Ironmoulders' Association, presided in the absence of Mr Robertson, who announced to be confined to bed by illness.

It is understood that the proceedings, which were of a somewhat heated nature, were interrupted by being frequent. Mr John Brown, Glasgow, having to resume his seat amid cheers. Other speakers, who included Mr Young, Mr Logan and Mr Balfour, had a somewhat mixed receptions. The attitude of the majority of those in the meeting appeared to be in support of the action of the Emergency Committee, and it was agreed that a meeting of the committee to receive the report by two delegates who had to confer with the Central Executive should be held in St Andrew's Halls on Monday.

NEW LIGHT ON ANDERSTON MURDER MYSTERY.

WHO KILLED BELLA BULLION?

ATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN BAFFLING GLASGOW TRAGEDY.

AN IMPORTANT CLUE: FULL STORY AND EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS.

Up till a late hour last night no arrest had been made in con-ction with the Glasgow murder mystery.

The victim was Miss Isabella Bullion, a handsome young woman twenty-five years of age, who was discovered by her brother Hugh d in the parlour bed of their house in the Anderston district the city. She had been gagged by a khaki handkerchief and othered in the blankets.

A neighbour's girl at a window opposite says she saw a soldier the house, and the police are following up this clue, a descrip-n of the wanted man having been circulated.

Below will be found the most complete narrative of this mys-rious, baffling, and, at the moment, apparently motiveless crime.

MISS BELLA BULLION.
The murdered girl was a very reserved young woman, and of attractive appearance, as the above photograph bears out.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

p to a late hour to-night no arrest had made in connection with the mysterious der of Miss Bella Bullion, the pretty g girl who has been foully done to th in her home in the Anderston dis-t of the city.

he crime presents all the elements of a t baffling mystery, and so far it can ely be said that the police have any r clue to work upon. True, there is the ki handkerchief with which the murderer ed his victim, and there is the remark-story that Miss Bullion was observed a neighbouring window entertaining a ler on the afternoon when she was last alive; but the handkerchief has no dis-uishing marks upon it, while at the ent time a fugitive from justice could ely wish for a more efficient disguise n the khaki dress—met with at every et corner—of a private in the British y.

he sensational affair bristles with mys-, and in its dramatic aspects it promises outrival other well-known cases in the inal history of Glasgow.

ho was the man who murdered Bella lion? Was he soldier or civilian, dressed khaki or burberry waterproof covering, blue suit? What was the motive? and , in a crowded neighbourhood, and in a ment where neighbours are frequently heir doors indulging in friendly gossips, the assailant, whoever he was, escape ely unobserved?

A QUIET, RESERVED GIRL.

abella Bullion, the murdered girl, was ight, frank, cheerfully dispositioned g woman, whose twenty-fifth birthday ld in the natural course have been cele-ed to-morrow. She kept house for her her Hugh (a lad of twenty, working as xmaker), at 65 Dover Street, which is spectable working-class locality near ieston, and running off Claremont et and Argyle Street. Miss Bullion had reputation among her friends and neigh-rs of a "well-doing lassie." All testify er exemplary character, and Miss Mary , a boon companion, told me that she a member of Anderston Parish Church, that she frequently spoke to some of young men of her acquaintance of the ger of indulging in strong drink. As far s known she had no sweetheart, and ainly none who knew her think it pos-e that she had an enemy who could plan ake her life.

n the day of the tragedy Bella Bullion, he murdered girl was familiarly called, going about her ordinary duties in her l health and spirits. She rose to make up of tea for her brother Hugh before eft for his work at six on the Thursday rning. She also served her married ther John, who resides in Partick, with breakfast between 9 and 9.30 a.m. m that time until about noon nothing ch is known of her movements, except towards one o'clock she went out to a hbouring dairy and purchased sixpence rth of scones and a quarter of a pound of tongue. It is also stated that she was in the street by a neighbour about half-three o'clock. Three hours later she discovered lying dead in the parlour She had been suffocated, and her th was gagged with a particularly dirty ki handkerchief, with the blankets rolled d her head and face.

BROTHER'S DRAMATIC DISCOVERY.

"Oh, Dear, It's Bella!"

veral very dramatic features marked the very of the foul deed. Hugh Bullion, ming home about five minutes past six ck, entered the house, which is one of rooms and kitchen, by means of his own key. Although his sister was not in the kitchen he did not think there was anything the matter, believing that Bella had gone out perhaps for the afternoon, or had gone on an errand. It was only when he entered the parlour about half an hour later and saw the contents of a chest of drawers lying in a confused heap on the sofa that he had his suspicions aroused. He went forward to the bed—a concealed one—for a pair of trousers, which he had under the mattress, and was horrified to discover lying there what he at first took to be the form of a man.

Thoroughly alarmed, Bullion rushed out to the landing and knocking at the door of Mrs Somerville, the neighbour opposite—there are three houses in each flat, and the centre house was unoccupied owing to the tenant being on holiday—he asked for Gilbert Wilson, a young man who lodged with Mrs Somerville, declaring that the house had been broken into.

Wilson immediately answered the summons, and, accompanied by Mrs Somerville, entered the house.

"There is somebody in the bed," cried Bullion.

Tremblingly the trio approached the bed. A match was struck, and in the dim and flickering light they saw a form huddled up at the back of the bed.

"Oh, dear, it's Bella," cried Mrs Somerville. And closer examination revealed the body of the unfortunate young woman lying face downward, fully dressed, and gagged in the manner already described. Her left shoe alone of her clothing was missing, and that was afterwards found in the lobby. A medical examination revealed the fact that the body was apparently free of bruises.

ROOMS RANSACKED.

The parlour and bedroom had all the appearance of having been ransacked of papers or something of that description, probably money, for the contents of a chest of drawers were found scattered over the rooms, while the furniture had the appearance of being dragged about. A photo of deceased and her brother had been taken out of its frame. In the kitchen two drawers in a miniature chest of drawers had been taken out, but it was the only sign of disorder in that apartment. On the table were the remains of a meal for two—two cups and saucers, knives and forks, &c., while a little tea remaining in the teapot was still warm.

From the appearance of the parlour it might be conjectured that a struggle had taken place, but it is remarkable that no one in the building heard any sounds or movements in the house. The neighbour who occupied the centre house on the landing was on holiday, and that partly explains why nothing was overheard.

A SUSPICIOUS INDIVIDUAL.

Mrs Somerville told me that some of the neighbours were suspicious of a man dressed in a navy blue suit and light burberry waterproof, with white collar or muffler, who was seen at half-past nine in the morning going through the backyard and looking up at the windows. A man, similarly attired, also, it is stated, appeared at night and questioned some young boys in the street about the murder, but that he walked quickly away when he saw the coffin arriving.

ENTERTAINING A SOLDIER.

What May Douglas Saw From the Window.

The police do not attach any great credence to this theory of a mysterious civilian, but certainly the remarkable story of Mrs Mary Adam, 930 Argyle Street, corroborated by her fourteen-year-old daughter, May Douglas, throws a startling light on this extraordinary crime.

Mrs Adam's kitchen window overlooks the kitchen window of Bullion's house. The windows will not be fifty yards apart, and from Mrs Adam's window one can see quite clearly into the room in question.

Shortly after midday on the day of the murder, May Douglas, Mrs Adam's fourteen-year-old daughter, remarked—"Mother, there is Bella Bullion's brother home from the front." The little girl was standing at the window, and she saw a soldier coming out of the bedroom and washing his hands at the kitchen sink.

Mrs Adam did not pay much attention to her daughter's remark, as she thought that it was Miss Bullion's brother, David, who had come home from the front.

Asked to describe the soldier, May, who is a very intelligent little girl, said she thought he had reddish, curly hair, parted at the side. He seemed fairly young, not very tall, and of fresh complexion.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs Adam observed Miss Bullion dishing on to a couple of plates from a paper parcel what might quite well have been boiled ham or ox tongue, and cutting slices of bread. She had the table set, and everything pointed to the girl having someone in for tea. How many partook of the meal Mrs Adam could not say, but there were two at anyrate, although she did not see anyone else in the kitchen. Bella was sitting at the table with her back to the window, and her hair was in a long plait. "Bella," added Mrs Adam, "was an exemplary girl in every way."

This statement of the little girl Douglas and her mother is the only thing in the nature of a clue—with the exception of the khaki handkerchief—that the police have so far secured. Naturally they attach considerable importance to the facts thus disclosed, and they are pursuing the strictest investigations. Superintendant Douglas and Detective-Inspector Grant, of the Western Division have had the case in hand since the tragedy was reported to them on Thursday night. It is interesting to recall that the Western police have the unravelling of quite a number of murder mysteries to their credit, including the famous Slater case. Apart from the social status of the victim of the Anderston crime and that of Miss Marion Gilchrist, the unfortunate lady for whose murder Slater is now serving a life sentence, there are many points of similarity in the two cases, but the latest at the moment looks as if it were to prove the more inscrutable and baffling mystery.

"BELLA HAD NO SWEETHEART."

Her Companion's Story.

I had a chat with Miss Mary Rice, 41 Elderslie Street, who has been the murdered girl's boon companion for over ten years. "The last time I saw Bella," said Miss Rice, "was on Tuesday night, when we went to the Empress (a neighbouring music-hall) together. We were at the second house, and I left her at ten minutes past eleven. She was just as cheery as could be, and the last thing she said was, 'We'll have a fine week-end.'

MISS BULLION AND HER SOLDIER BROTHER.
This photograph shows Bella Bullion with her brother, Private David Bullion, of the Scottish Rifles. It was at her brother's request that Bella consented to leave her work and act as housekeeper to her younger brother, Hugh.

"You see," said Miss Rice, the tears welling into her eyes at the recollection, "we were going off on Saturday for a week-end holiday at Port-Glasgow, and she was looking forward to this outing with very great pleasure indeed.

"Her twenty-fifth birthday was due on Monday (to-morrow), and I sent my little sister with a present for her on the Wednesday night. She told my sister then that I was to be sure and be ready for her at two o'clock on Saturday.

"As far as I know," said Miss Rice, "Bella had no sweetheart, and she never spoke to me about having quarrelled with any boy. She was a member of Anderston Parish Church, joining the church with me about four years ago, and while she was not a goody-goody girl by any manner of means, she always struck me as being a girl of high principle. I know that she has spoken on several occasions to two or three young men about the danger of indulging in drink."

A PALMIST'S WARNING.

Miss Rice recalled the somewhat strange fact that about two years ago both girls went to a palmist, and the latter warned Bella to beware of some man, who would treat her badly, "and, curiously enough," added Miss Rice, "we were going again next week to have our hands read, 'just for a bit fun,' as Bella said."

Miss Rice added that the news of Bella's untimely end would come as a great shock to her brother David, who is a private in the Scottish Rifles, and is now in France. It was at David's request that Bella consented to act as housekeeper. The family have been bereaved of father and mother within the last two years, and when David joined up he did not wish the home to be broken up, and Bella consented to act as housekeeper until he returned. The house was held in the name of David Bullion. The brothers were warmly attached to their sister.

FOND OF SURPRISE PARTIES.

May Have Met Soldier There.

The murdered girl was fond of attending surprise parties, and at one of these gatherings she may have met some soldier friend about whom she said nothing to her chum.

Not a girl in the world anywhere, I suppose, but keeps something to herself; only let us hope that in this instance a murdered girl's reticence may not result in the escape from justice of the fiend in human shape who robbed her of life, and vanished so mysteriously when his foul work was accomplished.

Mrs Rice, the mother of the dead girl's chum, was greatly upset when I chatted with her about the mysterious affair. But that was not surprising after the ordeal of gazing on the lifeless body of her daughter's friend. "I really don't know what to think of it," said Mrs Rice. "Bella was such a nice girl, and she used to come so often about our house that I can hardly believe she has met with such a shocking and mysterious end.

PRESENT AT INVESTITURE AT IBROX.

"On Sunday last Bella came to our house to see my daughter Mary, and she had dinner with us, and we were all so happy, chatting away in the best of spirits. Usually on Sundays it was Bella Bullion's habit to come to our house, and on the Sunday we were all talking about the King's visit to Clydeside and of the interest which that tour was arousing. I think the fact that the King was due to pass down Finnieston Street led Bella to refer to the Royal visit particularly.

"On Tuesday night Bella came to go out to the Empress Theatre with my girl Mary, and at that time she was bubbling over with enthusiasm about the magnificence of the spectacle at Ibrox Park at the Investiture. 'I would not have missed that sight for anything, Mrs Rice,' Bella remarked to me as she went on to refer to the unique gathering where so many gallant soldiers were being honoured by the King for their bravery. When Bella and Mary set out for the Empress Theatre to attend the second house she was as bright and merry as a child. That was the last time I saw Bella Bullion alive. And now she's dead—cruelly murdered!"

Mrs Rice amplified the statement of her daughter as to Bella Bullion's personality. "She was a handsome young woman, more like twenty than twenty-five, and she was as fresh coloured and as nice-looking a lass as could be found in the whole of the Anderston district of Glasgow. Bella had long, beautiful brown hair, which extended to beyond her waist, and when she was discovered murdered her lovely hair was commented upon by the police.

A FEARLESS GIRL.

"I really do not know if Bella had any sweetheart. I know she was absolutely fearless, and would visit friends in Partick late at night without ever dreaming of the necessity of some male escort. There was one feature about Bella Bullion's character which she was never afraid to emphasise. That was her strong objection to any of her friends taking strong drink. Bella could not abide anyone who took drink, and she was not afraid to speak her mind strongly on this point.

"I remember when her brother David went to France with the soldiers. I spoke to her about living in the house all by herself. 'You should get back to your work again, Bella; it would be much cheerier,' I said, knowing that she had been working in a flour factory in the Argyle Street district."

Mrs Rice told me that Bella and her daughter Mary had been comrades since the time they were at school together, and that circumstance added to the grief she felt at the discovery of the mysterious affair in Dover Street. "Bella was a trig, nice, clean girl," commented Mrs Rice with a sigh.

WAS THERE A QUARREL?

Murderer's Knowledge of the Household.

I learned that at a late hour to-night there was no development in connection with the mystery to record. The police are pursuing their investigations in their own fashion, and no probable clue likely to lead to the arrest of the perpetrator of the foul deed is left without full inquiry. But one thing appears to be thoroughly established. The man who did Bella Bullion to death was no stranger to the unfortunate victim.

It was no case of a burglar being disturbed busily ransacking the house and turning suddenly round and silencing the intruder. The used cups and plates with the remnant of a meal on the table pointed to Miss Bullion and the wanted man being on terms at least friendly. What happened after that afternoon cup of tea in the kitchen in Dover Street? Did some unexpected quarrel arise between the youthful couple, and was the gagging of the girl the result of a mad, unrestrained impulse?

These are links in the chain of mystery which are up to the present moment a-wanting. It is a baffling problem, but the best brains of the Glasgow detective staff are busy at work in trying to unravel the tangled skein surrounding the tragic end of Bella Bullion.

A.P.C. CLERKS FOR FIRING LINE.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS TO BE SUBSTITUTED.

Hamilton, Saturday.

From a trustworthy source it was learned in Hamilton this forenoon that orders have been received at the Army Pay Offices in Hope Street School to the effect that all clerks on the staff whose category is B1 have to make araringements for joining forthwith a combatant corps.

From inquiries made at the Army Pay Offices in Hamilton, it is ascertained that quite a number of the clerks will be affected by the new order.

A large proportion of the clerks affected by the new Order are competent assistants in the administrative departments of the A.P.C. in Hamilton. After a long period of training they have become markedly efficient in their clerical duties, and it is believed that some months must ensue ere the substitutes who replace them can possibly reach the same high standard of usefulness.

The new Order appears to be part of a definite scheme which is gradually being brought into operation to release fit men in the army offices for service with combatant corps, and filling the places thus vacated by wounded soldiers.

STIRLINGSHIRE BAKERS' DISPUTE.

Chief Industrial Commissioner Offers to Intervene.

Falkirk, Saturday Night.

The Joint Wages Board of the Master Bakers of Stirlingshire have informed Sir George Askwith, Chief Industrial Commissioner, of their failure to settle the wages question with their employees, and requested him to intervene.

Sir George has wired the Falkirk district secretary offering to arrange for arbitration or conciliation meeting.

At the time the message was received strike notices had been posted, and this forenoon the district secretary journeyed to Glasgow to consult with the General Secretary. As a result of the interview a letter has been dispatched to Sir George reviewing the demands, and the employers' offer, and intimating that the operatives' society were prepared to modify their demands outside of wages, and it was expected that that would bring about another conference.

AIRDRIE SOLDIER LOSES BOTH FEET.

Airdrie, Saturday.

Private John Smith, Lowland Engineers, son of Mrs Smith, Monkland Glen, has had the misfortune to have both his feet amputated in consequence of an accident in France a week ago.

The accident is thus described by the officer in charge of the General Hospital where Private Smith is now lying:—

"Private Smith was working on the railway, when he was run over by a train, with the result that both of his feet have been amputated. He is going on well, and probably before long will be sent to England. The amputation is not much above the ankle in either leg, and it should be possible later on to provide him with artificial limbs of such excellence as will reduce the handicap to a minimum."

PERTH SOLDIER KILLED BY MOTOR.

Perth, Saturday.

Private Murphy, Queen's Barracks, Perth, met with a violent death on the Kinfauns Road just outside the Perth city boundary.

His body was discovered this morning lying by the wayside, and the injuries suggest that he had been knocked down by a motor car. He was quite dead.

He was thirty-four years of age, and is stated to have relatives in Dundee.

Adventures of a Glasgow Airman. **Begin This Exclusive Series To-Da**

TAM O' THE SCOUTS

LIFE WITH THE FLYING MEN ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By EDGAR WALLACE, The Famous War Correspondent, Author of "THE JOCKS AT THE FRONT."

TAM o' the Scouts, a Glasgow pilot, is the "mascot and standard" of a certain wing of the R.F.C. in France. Hardly a day passes without his performing an extraordinarily daring deed in mid-air. He has to his credit a big bag of famous Hun airmen, and his prowess, coupled with his happy-go-lucky character and his pleasant satire, has made him the favourite amongst his comrades. The record of his adventures is told exclusively by Mr. Edgar Wallace in "The Post Sunday Special," whilst this series also forms the first intimate account to be published of the doings of our aviators on the Western Front.

"WHAUR'S Tam?"

"Tam's awa'."

It was the correct thing in the ——th Wing of the R.F.C. to refer to Tam in the dialect which he imposed on his long-suffering comrades. Tam was at once the mascot and the standard of the Wing. Other Wings had their great flyers as brave, as daring and as good humoured, but none had a veritable Tam. You could not compare him with any other flying man any more than you could compare the art of Leonardo da Vinci with that of Whistler.

Tam was not infallible, and the workings out of his "great thoughts" did not always justify the hope or the confidence which he reposed in them. His idea of an "invisible aeroplane," for example, which was to be one painted sky blue that would "harmonise with the blue skies" was not a success, nor was his scheme for the creation of artificial clouds attended by any encouraging results. But Tam's "Attack Formation for Bombing Enemy Depots" attained to the dignity of print, and was confidentially circulated in French, English, Russian, Italian, Serbian, Japanese, and Roumanian.

The pity is that a Scottish edition was not prepared in Tam's own language, and Captain Blackie who elaborated Tam's rough notes and condensed into a few lines Tam's most romantic descriptions had suggested such an edition for very private circulation.

It would have begun somehow like this:—

"The Hun or German is a verra bonnie fechter, but he has nae initiative. He squints up in the mornin', an' he sees a fine machine ower by his lines.

"'Ach,' says he, 'yon wee chap is Scotch, I'm thinkin'. Go you, Fritz an' Hans an' Carl an' Heinrich, an' strafe the puir body.'

"'Na,' says his under lootenant, 'nein,' he says. 'Ye dinna ken what ye're askin', Herr Lootenant.'

"'What's wrang wi' ye?' says the over-lootenant. 'Are ye German heroes or just low-down Austrians that ye fear wan wee birdie?'

"'Lootenant,' says they, 'yon chap is Tam o' the Scouts, the Brigand o' the Stars!'

"The over-lootenant turns pale.

"'Ech!' he says, 'go up, wan o' ye, an' ask the chap to come doon an' tak' a sup wi' us. We must keep on the richt side o' Tam!'"

All this and more would have gone to form the preliminary chapter of the true version of Tam's code of attack.

TAM FLIES TO HEIGHT OF 28,000 FEET.

It was Captain Blackie who asked at breakfast the question which heads this chapter.

"He's a rum bird, is Tam," said Blackie. "He brought down Von Zeidlitz yesterday."

"Is Von Zeidlitz down?" demanded half-a-dozen voices, and Blackie nodded.

"He was a good clean fighter," said young Carter regretfully. "When did you hear this, sir?"

"This morning through H.Q. Intelligence."

"Tam will be awfully bucked," said somebody. "He was complaining yesterday that life was getting too monotonous. By the way, we ought to drop a wreath for poor old Von Zeidlitz."

"Tam will do it with pleasure," said Blackie. "He always liked Von Zeidlitz. He called him 'Fritz Fokker' ever since the day Von Zeidlitz nearly got Tam's tail down."

An officer standing by the window with his hands thrust into his pockets called over his shoulder—

"Here comes Tam."

The thunder and splutter of the Scout's engine came to them faintly as Tam's swift little machine appeared skimming across the broad ground of the aerodrome, and in a few minutes Tam was walking slowly toward the office, stripping his gloves as he went.

Blackie went out to him.

"Hullo, Tam; anything exciting?"

Tam waved his hand; he never saluted.

"Will ye go an' tak' a look at ma instruments?" he asked mysteriously.

"Why, Tam?"

"Will ye, sir?"

Captain Blackie walked over to the machine and climbed up into the fusilage. What he saw made him gasp, and he came back to where Tam was standing, smug and self-conscious.

"You've been up to 28,000 feet, Tam?" asked the astonished Blackie. "Why, that is nearly a record!"

"I doot that barometer," said Tam. "If I wasna at forty thousand I'm a Boche!"

Blackie laughed.

"You're not a Boche, Tam," he said, "and you haven't been to 40,000 feet. No human being can rise eight miles. To get up five and a half miles is a wonderful achievement. Why did you do it?"

Tam grinned, and slapped his long gloves together.

AN EXCITING ENCOUNTER.

"For peace an' quiet," he said. "I've been chased by thirty air-Huns that got 'twixt me an' ma breakfast, so I went up a bit an' a bit mair, an' twa chaps cam' behind me. There's an auld joke that I've never understood afore—'the higher the fewer'—it's no' so difficult to understand it now."

"You got back all right, anyhow," said Blackie.

"Above in the vast and silent spaces o' the vaulted heavens," wailed Tam in the sing-song tones which invariably accompanied his narrative, "the young avenger o' the clouds, Tam the Scout, focht his fecht. Attacked by overwhelmin' forces, shot at afore an' behind, the noble lad didna lose his nerve. Mutterin' a brief—a verra brief—prayer that the Huns would be strafed, he climbed an' climbed till he could a' struck a match on the moon. After him wi' set lips an' flashin' eyes came the bloody-minded ravagers of Belgium, Serbia, an'—I'm afraid—Roumania.

"Their bullets whistled aboot his lugs, but
His eyes were bright,
His heart was light,
For Tam the Scout was full o' fight.

That's a wee poem I made up out o' ma ain head, Captain, at a height of twenty-three thousand feet. I'm thinkin' it's the highest poem in the world?"

"And you're not far wrong—well, what happened?"

"I got hame," said Tam grimly, "an' ane o' von Huns didna get hame. Man, it took him an awfu' lang time tae fa'!"

Tam went off to his breakfast, and when later Blackie came in search of him he found him lying on his bed smoking a long black cigar, his eyes glued to the pages of "Texas Tam, or the Road Agent's Revenge."

"I forgot to tell you, Tam," said Captain Blackie "that Von Zeidlitz is down."

"Doon?" said Tam. "'Fritz Fokker' doon? Puir laddie! He was a grand fechter. Wha strafed him?"

"You did—he was the man you shot down yesterday."

Tam's eyes were bright with excitement.

"Ye're foolin' me now" he asked eagerly. "It wasna me that strafed him. Poor old Fritz! It was a fine an' a careful shot that got him. He was above me, d'ye see. 'Ah, no,' says I, 'ye'll no' try that tail-bitin' trick on Tam,' says I. 'No, Fritz!' an' I manœuvred to miss him. I put a drum into him at close range, an' the puir chap side-slipped an' nose-dived. Was it really Fritz, then? Well, well!"

TAM GOES OVER THE GERMAN LINES WITH A WREATH.

"We want you to take a wreath over. He'll be buried at Ludezeel."

"Wi' the verra greatest pleasure," said Tam heartily, "an' if ye'll no' mind, captain, I'd like to compose a wee verse to put in the box."

For two hours Tam struggled heroically with his composition. At the end of that time he produced with awkward and unusual diffidence a poem written in his sprawling hand, and addressed—

"DEDICATION TO MR VON SIDLITS,
BY TAM O' THE SCOUTS."

"I'll read ye the poem, Captain Blackie, sir," said Tam nervously, and after much coughing he read—

"A grand an' noble cloud
Was the flyin' hero's shroud
Who died at half-past seven,
And he verra well deserves
The place that God reserves
For the men who die in Heaven."

"I've signed it, 'Kind regards an' deepest sympathy with all his loved ones,'" said Tam gravely. "I didna say I killed him—it wouldna be delicate."

The wreath in a tin box, firmly corded and attached to a little parachute, was placed in the fusilage of a small Morane—his own machine being in the hands of the mechanics—and Tam climbed into the seat. In five minutes he was pushing up at the steep angle which represented the extreme angle at which a man can fly. Tam never employed a lesser one.

He had learnt just what an aeroplane could do, and it was exactly all that he called for. Soon he was above the lines, and was heading for Ludezeel. "Archies" blazed and banged at him, leaving a trail of puff balls to mark his course. An enemy scout came out of the clouds to engage him and was avoided, for the corps made it a point of honour not to fight when engaged on such a mission as was Tam's.

Evidently the enemy scout realised the business of this lone British flyer, and must have signalled his views to the earth, for the anti-aircraft batteries suddenly ceased fire, and when, approaching Ludezeel, Tam sighted an enemy squadron engaged in a practice flight they opened out and made way for him, offering no molestation.

Tam began to plane down. He spotted the big white-speckled cemetery, and saw a little procession making its way to the grounds. He came down to a thousand feet, and dropped his parachute. He saw it open and sail earthward, and then someone on the ground waved a white handkerchief.

"Richt," said Tam, and began to climb homeward.

MEETING BARON VON HANSEN-BASSERMANN.

The next day something put out of action the engine of Baron Von Hansen-Bassermann, that redoubtable fighter, and he planed down to the British aerodrome with his machine flaming.

A dozen officers and mechanics dashed into the blaze and hauled the German to safety, and beyond a burnt hand and a singed moustache he was unharmed.

Lieutenant Baron Von Hansen-Bassermann was a good-looking youth. He was, moreover an undergraduate of Oxford University, and his English was perfect.

"Hard luck, sir," said Blackie, and the Baron smiled.

"Fortunes of war. Where's Tam?" he asked.

"Tam's upstairs somewhere," said Blackie. He looked up at the unflecked blue of the sky, shading his eyes. "He's been gone two hours."

The Baron nodded and smiled again.

"Then it was Tam!" he said. "I thought I knew his touch. Does he 'loop' to express his satisfaction?"

"That's Tam!" said a chorus of voices.

"He was sitting in a damp cloud waiting for me," said the Baron ruefully, "but who was the Frenchman with him?"

Blackie looked puzzled.

"Frenchman? There isn't a French machine within fifty miles. Did he attack you, too?"

"No; he just sat around watching and approving. I had the curious sense that I was being butchered to make a Frenchman's holiday. It is curious how one gets those quaint impressions in the air. It is a sort of ninth sense. I had a feeling that Tam was 'showing off'—in fact, I knew it was Tam for that reason."

"Come and have some breakfast before you're herded in captivity with the brutal soldiery," said Blackie, and they all went into the messroom together, and for an hour the room rang with laughter, for both the Baron and Captain Blackie were excellent raconteurs.

Tam when he returned had little to say about his mysterious companion in the air. He thought it was a "French laddie." Nor had he any story to tell about the driving down of the Baron's machine. He could only say that he knew the Baron and had met his Albatross before. He called him the "Crown Prince" because the black crosses painted on his wings were of a more elaborate design than was usual.

AN UNEXPECTED COMPLIMENT.

"You must meet the Baron, Tam," said the wing commander. "He's just off to the cage, and he wants to say 'How-do-ye-do.'"

Tam met the prisoner, and shook hands with great solemnity.

"How are ye, sir?" he asked with admirable sangfroid. "I seem to remember yer face, though I havena met ye—only to shoot at, an' that spoils a man's chance of gettin' acquainted wi' a body."

"I think we've met before," said the Baron with a grim little smile. "Oh, before I forget, we very much appreciated your poem, Tam. There are lines in it which were quite beautiful."

Tam flushed crimson with pleasure.

"Thank ye, sir," he blurted. "Ye couldna hae made me more pleased—even if I had killed ve."

The Baron threw back his head and laughed.

"Goodbye, Tam. Take care of yourself. There's a new man come to us who will give you some trouble."

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

"It's no' Mister MacMuller?" said Tam eagerly.

"Oh, you've heard of Captain Muller?" asked the prisoner interestedly.

"Heard? Good lord, man—sir, I mean—look here!"

He put his hand in his pocket, and produced a worn leather case. From this he extracted two or three newspaper cuttings, and selected one headed "German Official."

"'Captain Muller,' read Tam, 'yesterday shot down his twenty-sixth aeroplane.'"

"That's Muller," said the other carefully. "I can tell you no more—except look after yourself."

"Hae nae doot aboot that, sir," said Tam, with confidence.

He went up that afternoon in accordance with instructions received from headquarters to "search enemy territory west of a line drawn from Montessier to St Pierre le Petit." He made his search, noted the troop trains standing in the siding south-east of Montessier, saw large columns of enemy infantry on the march, exchanged a few shots with a ting machine, dropped a bomb a German anti-aircraft batter down with his report as the the horizon.

"A verra quiet journey," he "I was hopin. for a squint Muller, but he was sleepin' mouse. I heard his disgustin to heaven, an' my heart was appointed longin'. 'How l 'how long will ye avoid the Tam o' the Scouts has mark for?' There was nae reply."

THE PUPPIES OF THE

"I've discovered Tam's we Blackie, coming into the mes the next day. "He is Claud of the American Squadron. Wing commander, was up to rently Beaumont is an exc young man, who has equipped its own machines, hangars shop, and he flies pretty we likes. Look at 'em!"

They crowded out with wh they could lay their hands watched the two tiny machine and dipped, climbed and bank another.

First, one would dart awa other in pursuit, then the chas despairing of overtaking his q turn back. The "hare" would and in turn chase the other.

"Have you ever seen two play?" asked Blackie. "Look chasing his tail—and neither the other or has ever looked Isn't it weird? That's Von H mann's ninth sense. The they can't even see one anot and yet they're good pals. I've watched the puppies of the on in exactly the same way."

"What is Tam supposed to "He's watching the spotter be down presently, and we'll ask how he came to meet Jonathan. This ness has been going on for weeks."

Tam had received the recall signal neath him he saw the two "spotters" turning home, and he waved his hand his sporting companion, and came in a little more than twice his own l He saw his strange friend's hand ra acknowledgment, and watched him for the south. Tam drove on fo greater part of a mile, then some made him look back.

THE DANGEROUS WHITE DRA FLY.

Above his friend was a glittering dragon fly, and even as he looked darted down at the American tail

"Missed him!" said Tam round. He was racing with the wind speed, and he must have been doing miles an hour but for the fact that he climbing at the extreme angle. He the dragon fly loop and climb and American swing about to attack.

But his machine was too slow. That knew. Nothing short of a miracle save the lower machine, for the enemy again reached the higher position. grossed was he with his plan that he not see Tam until the Scot was d blindly to meet him, until the first s from Tam's Lewis gun rained on wing fusilage. The German swerved in his and missed his proper prey. Tam behind him and above him, but in no tion to attack. He could, and did drum into the fleeing foeman. He have had some sort of defensive for none of the shots took effect.

"Turn him, Archie!" groaned Tam as though the earth gunners [illegible] plea, a screen of bursting shell before the dragon fly. He turned and dived, with Tam behind him. His nose was for home, and Tam a mile pursuit, banked round and home also. Near his own lines he up with the circling "Fre received his thanks—four fing the air—before the signaller a route within the lines. own aerodrome.

"Phew!" said Tam shak he reported.

"Whom were you c Blackie. "He can go!"

"Yon's MacMuller," sa his thumb at the eastern verra likeable chap, but a w an' a big bit too fast. sir, can ye no' get me a fly? Ma wee machine hearse, but 'm no' anxious corpse."

"You've got the fast France, Tam," said the Tam nodded.

"It's verra likely she wa sweet," he confessed. "P Muller! He's a grand fl couraged by the fine things said about ma poetry. A bonnie verse in ma head buryin'! Hae ye a cigar a Blackie. I gae ma case Glesca, an' he hasna returned

British airmen testing the wind by means of a toy balloon (Official picture.)

NEXT WEEK

Mr Edgar Wallace relates the adventures of Tam in his pursuit to bring down the famous German ace, Muller.

HUN OFFICER COVETS KILT.

KILSYTH SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCES IN PRISON CAMP.

& S. H. PRIVATE WHO AY NINE DAYS IN THE OPEN.

Kilsyth, Saturday Night.

hirty m this as a prisoner of war has pletely illed to quell the good humour Private mes Rankin, a Kilsyth lad in Canad Force, who has reached his ive tw after being repatriated from itzerland.

fficially reported killed in 1915, Private kin, alt ing to the shortness of his od of li e, remarked to a "Post Sunpecial representative that if he had n dead he would not have got that even, it was no use kicking!

"I have had a great experience," he adted, "but one I would not recommend anyone as a health tonic. I never want see the Germans again; they are comy I could recommend to nobody."

At the second battle of Ypres in 1915 he s knocked unconscious by the concussion sed by a bursting shell, was gassed, so proved an easy capture for the Huns. was taken to the great military centre of ttingen, where he was long in hospital. ere the prisoners got good medical treatnt, but they were practically dependent food on the parcels from Britain. An doctor told them that the Germans did have food for the prisoners, not that did not have it for themselves.

Ostensibly to augment the food supply of camp, the prisoners were started to nt all the odd corners about the place h various kinds of vegetables; but none them ever grew. The prisoners had so le faith in the declared intentions of their ers that they nipped the roots of all the nts as they put them into the ground. re was a bit of a row over this trick erwards.

The war news in the German newspapers s regularly translated to the prisoners by old parson. How he chuckled as he reed the victories! The Britishers had for time many gloomy forebodings until an glish newspaper mysteriously found its into the camp, and was stealthily ped around amongst the prisoners. Prie Rankin laughed heartily as he recalled old padre coming round, and in his ken English exclaiming, 'Oh, Engders. Englanders! We have drowned e more of your big boats. Yah, yah!" he lovely tartan of the Canadian kilt ed the covetous spirit of a Hun officer, o tried hard to secure it with offers of ney and trousers, but he was told that the money in Germany would not buy Even five days in prison on bread and er failed to induce the owner to part h his garment.

There was a remarkable coincidence when representative of the American Embassy Berlin paid a visit to the camp to see if prisoners had any complaints. The 's face struck Private Rankin as being iliar, but he could not remember where had met him. When the formal interw was over Private Rankin stepped over the American and told him that he ught he should know him. Had he ever in in Canada? The American said he had. d he once lectured in the Methodist Hall the town from which Private Rankin ed? He had. There and then there ed across Private Rankin's brain the ole scene, and he was able to tell the erican that the subject of his lecture on occasion was "A Traveller Abroad."

ALEXANDRIA SOLDIER'S NINE DAYS' ORDEAL.

Alexandria, Saturday Night.

Private John Crerar, A. and S.H., who been exchanged after having been a oner for over two years, has arrived at home in Alexandria. He is the son of and Mrs Donald Crerar, 159 Main Street, xandria, and was a member of the Dumbonshire Territorials when the war broke and although he is not yet twenty-one rs of age, he has now served about six s with his battalion.

Private Crerar went to France in February, 1915, and in the second battle of res on 24th and 25th May following fell the hands of the Germans. Crerar was ly wounded, and had to seek cover in ditch.

He sustained a compound fracture of the ht leg and could not walk. He lay in ditch for safety for two days with the lls falling round him, and afterwards pt into a shell hole some distance away greater safety. Here Crerar lay for er seven days without food and only a le water to drink. When picked up by German patrol he was more dead than e.

Crerar was taken back to Belgium, where lay in the hospital for seven months. was in the hospital there when the tle of Loos was fought, the hospital being y some ten miles from the firing line. e wounded Britons could hear the guns oming while they were lying in their . So great was the Germans' fear of defeat at that time, when the battle of os was fought, that everything was cked up at the hospital ready for removal a few minutes' notice. He was afterds transferred to a hospital in Germany ere he lay for five months. Thereafter was removed to Chateau-d'-oex in Switzland, where he has been in captivity for last sixteen months.

Private Crerar has no complaint as to any treatment. He states that he was well ated by the Germans, as he was in the pital for the most of the time. The mmandant in charge of one of the pitals had been a prisoner himself duri the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, and treated the prisoners kindly. The tors did everything they could for their ients.

Before the war Crerar was employed Messrs John Brown & Company, Clydebank.

REVOLUTION WILL COME

IF LORDS THROW OUT FRANCHISE BILL

SAYS BOB SMILLIE AT LABOUR CONFERENCE.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Scottish Labourists had a field day in Glasgow, the occasion being the third annual meeting of the Scottish Advisory Council of the Labour Party.

Mr Robert Smillie, who presided, contended that peace by negotiation was more likely to rid the world of what led to wars—not peace at any price, but peace that would be a fair peace to all parties—as far as that could be realised. Going on to speak of pacifists, he declared that it would take all the builders we had several years to build the necessary jail accommodation if all the pacifists who desired peace by negotiation were to be imprisoned, as some persons suggested they should be.

Mr Smillie's last subject was the Franchise Bill, and the possibility of the House of Lords attempting to interfere with the passing of that measure. If the House of Lords were so foolish as to attempt to hold up the Bill, he thought it would lead, as it ought to lead, to revolution. (Hear, hear.)

Mr Ramsay Macdonald, who represented the National Executive of the Labour Party, said, with reference to the House of Lords, "let that House interfere with the Franchise Bill." If they were to have a storm, let them unloose the floodgates altogether, so that the cleansing would be all the more thorough than it would be if they had false friends round about them.

A resolution was passed protesting against the refusal of the Lanarkshire Military Appeal Tribunal to continue the exemption of Councillor Shinwell, and calling upon the War Office to carry out the arrangement by which Trade Union officials were exempted from military service.

At a later stage, a resolution was also adopted pressing upon the attention of the Home Office the suggestion that Councillors George Smith and P. J. Dollan should be given work of national importance which would not exclude them from the performance of their public duties.

MINE MANAGERS' SALARIES.

COAL CONTROLLER AND A MINIMUM.

£4 A WEEK FOR UNDER-MANAGERS.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

The remuneration paid to colliery managers was discussed to-night by the Scottish branch of the National Association of Colliery Managers, at a meeting held in Edinburgh.

Mr James Gilchrist (Cambuslang) said he took it that it was no secret that as a result of representations made to the Coal Controller the latter official had recommended the coalmasters in Scotland to grant a minimum wage of £4 per week to the under-managers throughout the country. If this concession was granted the under-managers, then in what position was it proposed to put the responsible colliery manager?

Personally, he did not believe in the managers being members of a trades union, but if the services of the managers were not properly recognised then the coalmasters had only themselves to blame for driving the managers into such a society.

A Grievance.

Mr M'Ginnis (Giffnock Colliery), Glasgow, indicated that it was somewhat of a grievance amongst the colliery managers of Scotland, that the Coal Mines' Act should be founded to a great extent on the customs and conditions pertaining to the English coalfields.

In view of that fact the authorities seemed to consider it but right that Englishmen should be instructed with the duty of seeing the Mines' Act carried out in Scotland. (Applause).

Was it not possible that the Association could use its influence in initiating a movement with the aim and object of seeing that Scotland had a separate legislative mining body, which would be responsible for the safe and economic development of Scottish mining? (Applause).

Mr John George (Cambuslang) maintained that the one way the Association could help the young men, who were entering the profession was to recognise a minimum wage.

DUNDEE MILITARY MEDALLIST.

Lance-Corporal T. Dippie, 4th Black Watch, whose home is at 6 St Matthew Street, Dundee, has been awarded the Military Medal for taking up ammunition under heavy shell fire in France. He has been at the front for nearly three years, and has passed through all the stiff engagements in which his regiment has been engaged. Lance-Corporal Dippie was a carrier with the N.B. before the war, and is very well known amongst Dundee railwaymen.

Broughty Ferry bowlers raised £36 yesterday afternoon by a series of competitions on their green at West Ferry, in aid of the Red Cross funds.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

The finalists for the president's prize at Renton Bowling Club yesterday were John M'Crimmon and James Ritchie. The former won by 21 to 13.

John Fulton, a private in the Royal Scots, was sentenced at Hamilton to twenty days' imprisonment without the option of a fine for assaulting a girl factory worker.

Wounded soldiers in Kilmarnock Auxiliary Hospital were entertained to an enjoyable afternoon's recreation by the members of the Portland Bowling Club.

Acting Leading Seaman William Sharp, R.N.V.R., son of Mr James Sharp, Bothy Row, Carronshore, by Falkirk, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal.

Newgate Bowling Club closed the season yesterday, with a match between the president, Mr Robert Shaw, and the vice-president, Mr W. Booth. The former won by 88 to 69 shots.

A wristlet watch and a well filled purse of Treasury notes have been presented to Sergeant James Jack, Royal Scots, Redding, to mark the occasion of his winning the Military Medal

Mr Thomas B. Stirling, Alexandria, has been appointed chairman of Vale of Leven Food Control Committee, while Mr George M'Leod, registrar, Alexandria, has been elected secretary.

Private Frank Emslie, M.A., Gordon Highlanders, was presented in Bonnybridge Public Hall, with a handsome brass timepiece with side ornaments, in recognition of his gaining the Military Medal.

Signaller John Gray, R.F.A., whose home is in Shotts, has been awarded the Military Medal for gallantry. Previous to enlisting he was an employee in the fleshing department of Shotts Co-Operative Society.

At the Hamilton J.P. Court yesterday, James Goldie, residing at Morriston Street, Cambuslang, was ordered to be handed over to the military authorities on a charge of being an absentee from the Seaforths.

The report of the Amalgamated Miners and Manual Labourers, West Lothian, shows that the income for six months, inclusive of money in bank and in War Loan, is £1632, or £24 more than the previous six months.

Arrangements are being made for 250 men of the Argyll Volunteers from Dunoon, Oban, &c., attending the Volunteer inspection by the Duke of Connaught, K.G., K.T., Commander-in-Chief, in Glasgow next Sunday.

Captain D. C. Hanson, R.A.M.C., attached to the King's Royal Rifle Corps, son of Mr and Mrs John Hanson, Merryston House, Blairhill, Coatbridge, has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery.

Sergeant John Cameron, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, whose home is in Loganlea, West Calder, has been awarded the Military Medal for conspicuous bravery. He was an employee of West Calder Co-Operative Society.

Monday being Glasgow's Autumn holiday, many Glaswegians hied themselves coastwise for a final flutter for this year on the prom., and Dunoon had a busy day yesterday. Last night Mr Dick Sutherd's Merry Geishas concluded a most successful season at the Cosy Corner, East Bay.

Mr John M'Kellar, Alderdale, Luss, Loch Lomond, has received intimation that his son, Pioneer J. M'Kellar, Royal Engineers, was killed in France on 7th September by a stray shell while in his dug-out exactly three years after he joined up. He was twenty-five years of age, and before enlisting was a sorter and telegraphist in Mount Pleasant Post Office, London

Official intimation has been received by Mr Robert M'Crae, miner, Freeland Place, Kirkintilloch, that his son, Private M'Crae, has been decorated by the King of Italy for conspicuous bravery while engaged with the Royal Flying Corps in Macedonia. By flying low and working effectively with his machine gun Private M'Crae saved a position. He has previously gained the D.C.M. and the Russian Cross of St George.

DUNOON AND THE 9D LOAF.

FOOD CONTROLLER'S CONFERENCES.

Dunoon, Saturday Night.

This afternoon Mr Gideon Murray, Food Commissioner for the West of Scotland, held two conferences at Dunoon, the first being with the Cowal Food Control Committee in the County Courthouse, and the second with Dunoon Burgh Food Control Committee in the Burgh Buildings.

The conferences had been arranged owing to the fact that the bakers in Dunoon and district, and also those selling Glasgow-made bread, had declined to sell the 4 lb. loaf at the Government price of ninepence. When the Order came into force the master bakers of Dunoon, with the knowledge of, but without consent of, the local committee, charged tenpence on the plea that the freight on flour was greater than other places. The local committee declined to grant a temporary license at this figure, and as Mr A. R. Nimmo the procurator-fiscal) intimated his intention of prosecuting all who sold above the official price, matters grew serious, especially when the bakers threatened to close down.

At the conference with the Cowal Committee, although no definite decision could be come to regarding the price of bread in the district, it was agreed to allow dealers to charge tenpence, the bakers to submit freight and other figures to the Food Controller before a permanent license is granted. The same arrangement was come to at Dunoon Committee's Conference.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

REVIVAL IN HOME RAILS.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special."

London, Saturday Night.

While the Stock markets have not gone exactly from grave to gay during the past week, they have at any rate been much more cheerful than at any time since the recent crisis in Russia.

In the meantime the new British offensive has stirred the pulses of the Stock Exchange, which is also disposed to give more heed to the signs that are multiplying of war weariness in Germany.

Under all the circumstances there is every prospect of firm and indeed strong markets when once the terms of the new Government borrowing scheme, which are expected in the course of the next week, are forthcoming.

Home Rails Revive.

From the investment point of view Home Rails never offered so many attractions as at the present time, even after allowing for the competition of other investment departments.

In the Heavy division the premier stock, North-Western, can still be bought at 91½, which includes three months' accrued dividend, and shows a yield of 6 9-16 per cent. per annum.

Amongst the Passenger stocks, Brighton A. carrying as much as nine months' accrued dividend, are obtainable at 57½, offering a return of about 7 per cent. per annum.

As regards the Scotch stocks, North British Three Per Cent. Preferred stock is as attractive as any at 42½, thus yielding 7 1-16 per cent. per annum. Similar returns are obtainable in the whole of this department.

Rubbers Active.

The Rubber share market is as active as ever.

The advantage possessed by this market is the almost constant succession of dividend announcements, which serve to keep the interest alive. Yet however, it requires some courage and a good deal of faith in the future to pay 4s 1½d and 3s 6d respectively for the two-shilling shares of the Rotterdam-Delhi and the Dolok companies simply on the basis of the annual dividends of 7½ per cent. at present being paid by both companies.

From the dividend point of view, Kali Glagahe are more attractive at 5s, in view of the announcement of a balance dividend of 12½ per cent., making 17½ per cent., less tax, for the past year, as compared with 15 per cent. for the preceding year.

The Rubana is also paying 17½ per cent., but these are £1 shares, standing at 2 3-16, thus yielding about 8 per cent. per annum.

Oils Active in Places.

The Oil market has shown a good deal of activity in places, and the Trinidad group has continued to go in the way it should, with Trinidad Leaseholds and Trinidad Dominions as the bright particular features.

Egyptians have vied with them, and Suez Oil have been largely dealt in, and stand nearly at 4s. There is a rumour of the possible absorption of this company by the Anglo-Egyptian Oilfields, but the market as a whole prefers to maintain an open mind upon the subject pending definite information.

Kern Rivers have shown a firm tone at under 10s.

Features of the Mining Market.

Among Kaffirs, Spring Mines are firmer on hopes that they will be able to obtain the new areas recently put up for tenders. The Modder Group is firm.

In Rhodesians there has been a sharp rise in Tanganyika and Zambesia. Exploration in anticipation of the very favourable Directors' reports which are expected.

Chartered are firm at 14s, and Falcon, as well as Goldfields Rhodesian Development, are improving.

Silver and Silver Mines Strong.

Silver has now further advanced to 55d per ounce for bars, and the whole of the silver mines are firm.

Burma are fairly firm, but Mining Corporation of Canada have come to a stop in the rise. Camp Birds and Santa Gertrudis are very strong.

CLACKMANNAN FOOD PRODUCTION.

Alloa, Saturday.

At a meeting of the Clackmannanshire Food Production Committee, held in the County Buildings, Alloa, to-day, Mr Robert M'Gee, executive officer, reported that the returns sent in by the farmers of the county showed that they were prepared to cultivate during 1918 ground to the extent of 5243½ acres, as compared with 4065½ acres in 1916. The total green crop proposd was 1319 acres, as compared with 1251¼ acres in 1916.

FREE!

THESE CHARMING SILKEN PICTURES Beautifully Printed in Colours on Fine Material.

CHUMS

THE LITTLE SONGSTER

GROWING NICELY

Get the first one with every copy of THE

HAPPY HOME

On Sale Tuesday, September 25.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

If your Chemist is sold out you can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to The Laboratory, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The Marvellous Specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—
—CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING
—TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS
—LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED
—BLOOD SPITTING —DIFFICULT BREATHING
—BRONCHIAL CATARRH —QUINSY —CROUP
—PNEUMONIA —NASAL CATARRH
—LARYNGITIS —RACKING COUGH
—NIGHT SWEATS —CHOKING PHLEGM
—INFLUENZA —EMPHYSEMA

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of Tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from Lung Trouble, and my doctor told me that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and miraculously saved his life.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mrs Wakedel, Cardington, Bedford, writes on the 15th Sept., after suffering from Bronchial Catarrh, Bronchial Asthma, and Nasal Catarrh. She says "LIQUFRUTA" is a wonderful medicine, the best she had ever discovered; what more could she say? Her letter is an example of hundreds received daily, who write testifying with hearts overflowing with gratitude, and all anxious that other sufferers should learn the good news. The testimony of Mrs Wakedel appeals to the plain man in the street, to the ordinary woman. She herself suffered from Chronic Asthma, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, and Chronic Bronchial Catarrh. Doctors told her she could get no better, and so she had given up hope; but the doctors were all wrong, as you will see. These are the diseases that lead to Consumption, they are the diseases that baffle the doctors. Hundreds of letters of gratitude have been published in the columns of this paper telling how "LIQUFRUTA" has cured Consumption when the Sanatorium had failed, and cured Lung Trouble when the sufferer was so ill that he had even taken up residence in the "Home for the Dying." Now for Mrs Wakedel's own words:—"This changeable weather does not suit me, and I really dare not be without a bottle of 'LIQUFRUTA' in the house: it is really fine medicine for Asthma, Bronchitis, and Nasal Catarrh, the best I ever had; I don't know where I should have been had I not had it. I am so pleased with 'LIQUFRUTA'; it is indeed wonderful." Just as in the case of this lady—no matter how long you have suffered; no matter if the trouble is Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh, or Whooping Cough; no matter how many remedies you may have tried without avail—"LIQUFRUTA," THE MIGHTY HEALER, will relieve, or cure, you if you will only give it a fair trial.

A. supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co. and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr W. Home-Newcombe, 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For abroad sufficient to cover postage must be added. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liqufruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

Adventures of a Glasgow Airman. **Begin This Exclusive Series To-Day**

TAM O' THE SCOUTS

LIFE WITH THE FLYING MEN ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By EDGAR WALLACE, The Famous War Correspondent, Author of "THE JOCKS AT THE FRONT."

TAM o' the Scouts, a Glasgow pilot, is the "mascot and standard" of a certain wing of the R.F.C. in France. Hardly a day passes without his performing an extraordinarily daring deed in mid-air. He has to his credit a big bag of famous Hun airmen, and his prowess, coupled with his happy-go-lucky character and his pleasant satire, has made him the favourite amongst his comrades. The record of his adventures is told exclusively by Mr. Edgar Wallace in "The Post Sunday Special," whilst this series also forms the first intimate account to be published of the doings of our aviators on the Western Front.

"WHAUR'S Tam?"

"Tam's awa'."

It was the correct thing in the ——th Wing of the R.F.C. to refer to Tam in the dialect which he imposed on his long-suffering comrades. Tam was at once the mascot and the standard of the Wing. Other Wings had their great flyers as brave, as daring and as good humoured, but none had a veritable Tam. You could not compare him with any other flying man any more than you could compare the art of Leonardo da Vinci with that of Whistler.

Tam was not infallible, and the workings out of his "great thoughts" did not always justify the hope or the confidence which he reposed in them. His idea of an "invisible aeroplane," for example, which was to be one painted sky blue that would "harmonise with the blue skies" was not a success, nor was his scheme for the creation of artificial clouds attended by any encouraging results. But Tam's "Attack Formation for Bombing Enemy Depots" attained to the dignity of print, and was confidentially circulated in French, English, Russian, Italian, Serbian, Japanese, and Roumanian.

The pity is that a Scottish edition was not prepared in Tam's own language, and Captain Blackie who elaborated Tam's rough notes and condensed into a few lines Tam's most romantic descriptions had suggested such an edition for very private circulation.

It would have begun somehow like this:—

"The Hun or German is a verra bonnie fechter, but he has nae initiative. He squints up in the mornin', an' he sees a fine machine ower by his lines.

"'Ach,' says he, 'yon wee chap is Scotch, I'm thinkin'. Go you, Fritz an' Hans an' Carl an' Heinrich, an' strafe the puir body.'

"'Na,' says his under lootenant, 'nein,' he says. 'Ye dinna ken what ye're askin', Herr Lootenant.'

"'What's wrang wi' ye?' says the over-lootenant. 'Are ye German heroes or just low-down Austrians that ye fear wan wee birdie?'

"'Lootenant,' says they, 'yon chap is Tam o' the Scouts, the Brigand o' the Stars!'

"The over-lootenant turns pale.

"'Ech!' he says, 'go up, wan o' ye, an' ask the chap to come doon an' tak' a sup wi' us. We must keep on the richt side o' Tam!'"

All this and more would have gone to form the preliminary chapter of the true version of Tam's code of attack.

TAM FLIES TO HEIGHT OF 28,000 FEET.

It was Captain Blackie who asked at breakfast the question which heads this chapter.

"He's a rum bird, is Tam," said Blackie. "He brought down Von Zeidlitz yesterday."

"Is Von Zeidlitz down?" demanded half-a-dozen voices, and Blackie nodded.

"He was a good clean fighter," said young Carter regretfully. "When did you hear this, sir?"

"This morning through H.Q. Intelligence."

"Tam will be awfully bucked," said somebody. "He was complaining yesterday that life was getting too monotonous. By the way, we ought to drop a wreath for poor old Von Zeidlitz."

"Tam will do it with pleasure," said Blackie. "He always liked Von Zeidlitz. He called him 'Fritz Fokker' ever since the day Von Zeidlitz nearly got Tam's tail down."

An officer standing by the window with his hands thrust into his pockets called over his shoulder—

"Here comes Tam."

The thunder and splutter of the Scout's engine came to them faintly as Tam's swift little machine appeared skimming across the broad ground of the aerodrome, and in a few minutes Tam was walking slowly toward the office, stripping his gloves as he went.

Blackie went out to him.

"Hullo, Tam; anything exciting?"

Tam waved his hand; he never saluted.

"Will ye go an' tak' a look at ma instruments?" he asked mysteriously.

"Why, Tam?"

"Will ye, sir?"

Captain Blackie walked over to the machine and climbed up into the fusilage. What he saw made him gasp, and he came back to where Tam was standing, smug and self-conscious.

"You've been up to 28,000 feet, Tam?" asked the astonished Blackie. "Why, that is nearly a record!"

"I doot that barometer," said Tam. "If I wasna at forty thousand I'm a Boche!"

Blackie laughed.

"You're not a Boche, Tam," he said, "and you haven't been to 40,000 feet. No human being can rise eight miles. To get up five and a half miles is a wonderful achievement. Why did you do it?"

Tam grinned, and slapped his long gloves together.

AN EXCITING ENCOUNTER.

"For peace an' quiet," he said. "I've been chased by thirty air-Huns that got 'twixt me an' ma breakfast, so I went up a bit an' a bit mair, an' twa chaps cam' behind me. There's an auld joke that I've never understood afore—'the higher the fewer'—it's no' so difficult to understand it now."

"You got back all right, anyhow," said Blackie.

"Above in the vast and silent spaces o' the vaulted heavens," wailed Tam in the sing-song tones which invariably accompanied his narrative, "the young avenger o' the clouds, Tam the Scout, focht his fecht. Attacked by overwhelmin' forces, shot at afore an' behind, the noble lad didna lose his nerve. Mutterin' a brief—a verra brief—prayer that the Huns would be strafed, he climbed an' climbed till he could a' struck a match on the moon. After him wi' set lips an' flashin' eyes came the bloody-minded ravagers of Belgium, Serbia, an'—I'm afraid—Roumania.

"Their bullets whistled aboot his lugs, but
His eves were bright,
His heart was light,
For Tam the Scout was full o' fight.

That's a wee poem I made up out o' ma ain head, Captain, at a height of twenty-three thousand feet. I'm thinkin' it's the highest poem in the world?"

"And you're not far wrong—well, what happened?"

"I got hame," said Tam grimly, "an' ane o' von Huns didna get hame. Man, it took him an awfu' lang time tae fa'!"

Tam went off to his breakfast, and when later Blackie came in search of him he found him lying on his bed smoking a long black cigar, his eyes glued to the pages of "Texas Tam, or the Road Agent's Revenge."

"I forgot to tell you, Tam," said Captain Blackie "that Von Zeidlitz is down."

"Doon?" said Tam. "'Fritz Fokker' doon? Puir laddie! He was a grand fechter. Wha strafed him?"

"You did—he was the man you shot down yesterday."

Tam's eyes were bright with excitement.

"Ye're foolin' me now" he asked eagerly. "It wasna me that strafed him. Poor old Fritz! It was a fine an' a careful shot that got him. He was above me, d'ye see. 'Ah, no,' says I, 'ye'll no' try that tail-bitin' trick on Tam,' says I. 'No, Fritz!' an' I manœuvred to miss him. I put a drum into him at close range, an' the puir chap side-slipped an' nose-dived. Was it really Fritz, then? Well, well!"

TAM GOES OVER THE GERMAN LINES WITH A WREATH.

"We want you to take a wreath over. He'll be buried at Ludezeel."

"Wi' the verra greatest pleasure," said Tam heartily, "an' if ye'll no' mind, captain, I'd like to compose a wee verse to put in the box."

For two hours Tam struggled heroically with his composition. At the end of that time he produced with awkward and unusual diffidence a poem written in his sprawling hand, and addressed—

"DEDICATION TO MR VON SIDLITS,
BY TAM O' THE SCOUTS."

"I'll read ye the poem, Captain Blackie, sir," said Tam nervously, and after much coughing he read—

"A grand an' noble cloud
Was the flyin' hero's shroud
Who died at half-past seven,
And he verra well deserves
The place that God reserves
For the men who die in Heaven."

"I've signed it, 'Kind regards an' deepest sympathy with all his loved ones,'" said Tam gravely. "I didna say I killed him—it wouldna be delicate."

The wreath in a tin box, firmly corded and attached to a little parachute, was placed in the fusilage of a small Morane—his own machine being in the hands of the mechanics—and Tam climbed into the seat. In five minutes he was pushing up at the steep angle which represented the extreme angle at which a man can fly. Tam never employed a lesser one.

He had learnt just what an aeroplane could do, and it was exactly all that he called for. Soon he was above the lines, and was heading for Ludezeel. "Archies" blazed and banged at him, leaving a trail of puff balls to mark his course. An enemy scout came out of the clouds to engage him and was avoided, for the corps made it a point of honour not to fight when engaged on such a mission as was Tam's.

Evidently the enemy scout realised the business of this lone British flyer, and must have signalled his views to the earth, for the anti-aircraft batteries suddenly ceased fire, and when, approaching Ludezeel, Tam sighted an enemy squadron engaged in a practice flight they opened out and made way for him, offering no molestation.

British airmen testing the wind by means of a toy balloon (Official picture.)

Tam began to plane down. He spotted the big white-speckled cemetery, and saw a little procession making its way to the grounds. He came down to a thousand feet, and dropped his parachute. He saw it open and sail earthward, and then someone on the ground waved a white handkerchief.

"Richt," said Tam, and began to climb homeward.

MEETING BARON VON HANSEN-BASSERMANN.

The next day something put out of action the engine of Baron Von Hansen-Bassermann, that redoubtable fighter, and he planed down to the British aerodrome with his machine flaming.

A dozen officers and mechanics dashed into the blaze and hauled the German to safety, and beyond a burnt hand and a singed moustache he was unharmed.

Lieutenant Baron Von Hansen-Bassermann was a good-looking youth. He was, moreover an undergraduate of Oxford University, and his English was perfect.

"Hard luck, sir," said Blackie, and the Baron smiled.

"Fortunes of war. Where's Tam?" he asked.

"Tam's upstairs somewhere," said Blackie. He looked up at the unflecked blue of the sky, shading his eyes. "He's been gone two hours."

The Baron nodded and smiled again.

"Then it was Tam!" he said. "I thought I knew his touch. Does he 'loop' to express his satisfaction?"

"That's Tam!" said a chorus of voices.

"He was sitting in a damp cloud waiting for me," said the Baron ruefully, "but who was the Frenchman with him?"

Blackie looked puzzled.

"Frenchman? There isn't a French machine within fifty miles. Did he attack you, too?"

"No; he just sat around watching and approving. I had the curious sense that I was being butchered to make a Frenchman's holiday. It is curious how one gets those quaint impressions in the air. It is a sort of ninth sense. I had a feeling that Tam was 'showing off'—in fact, I knew it was Tam for that reason."

"Come and have some breakfast before you're herded in captivity with the brutal soldiery," said Blackie, and they all went into the messroom together, and for an hour the room rang with laughter, for both the Baron and Captain Blackie were excellent raconteurs.

Tam when he returned had little to say about his mysterious companion in the air. He thought it was a "French laddie." Nor had he any story to tell about the driving down of the Baron's machine. He could only say that he knew the Baron and had met his Albatross before. He called him the "Crown Prince" because the black crosses painted on his wings were of a more elaborate design than was usual.

AN UNEXPECTED COMPLIMENT.

"You must meet the Baron, Tam," said the wing commander. "He's just off to the cage, and he wants to say 'How-do-ye-do.'"

Tam met the prisoner, and shook hands with great solemnity.

"How are ye, sir?" he asked with admirable sangfroid. "I seem to remember yer face, though I havena met ye—only to shoot at, an' that spoils a man's chance of gettin' acquainted wi' a body."

"I think we've met before," said the Baron with a grim little smile. "Oh, before I forget, we very much appreciated your poem, Tam. There are lines in it which were quite beautiful."

Tam flushed crimson with pleasure.

"Thank ye, sir," he blurted. "Ye couldna hae made me more pleased—even if I had killed ve."

The Baron threw back his head and laughed.

"Goodbye, Tam. Take care of yourself. There's a new man come to us who will give you some trouble."

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

"It's no' Mister MacMuller?" said Tam eagerly.

"Oh, you've heard of Captain Muller?" asked the prisoner interestedly.

"Heard? Good lord, man—sir, I mean—look here!"

He put his hand in his pocket, and produced a worn leather case. From this he extracted two or three newspaper cuttings, and selected one headed "German Official."

"'Captain Muller,' read Tam, 'yesterday shot down his twenty-sixth aeroplane.'"

"That's Muller," said the other carefully. "I can tell you no more—except look after yourself."

"Hae nae doot aboot that, sir," said Tam, with confidence.

He went up that afternoon in accordance with instructions received from headquarters to "search enemy territory west of a line drawn from Montessier to St Pierre le Petit." He made his search, noted the troop trains standing in the siding south-east of Montesier, saw large columns of enemy infantry on the march, exchanged a few shots with a ting machine, dropped a bom a German anti-aircraft batt down with his report as th the horizon.

"A verra quiet journey," "I was hopin. for a squint Muller, but he was sleepin mouse. I heard his disgustin to heaven, an' my heart wa appointed longin'. 'How 'how long will ye avoid th Tam o' the Scouts has ma for?' There was nae reply

THE PUPPIES OF THE PACK.

"I've discovered Tam's w Blackie, coming into the me the next day. "He is Clai of the American Squadron. Wing commander, was up t rently Beaumont is an ex young man, who has equipp its own machines, hanga shop, and he flies pretty w likes. Look at 'em!"

They crowded out with w they could lay their hand watched the two tiny machine and dipped, climbed and bank another.

First, one would dart a other in pursuit, then the ch despairing of overtaking his turn back. The "hare" would and in turn chase the other.

"Have you ever seen two puppies play?" asked Blackie. "Le chasing his tail—and neither can k the other or has ever looked Isn't it weird? That's Von Hansen-Bassermann's ninth sense. They can't spot they can't even see one another's prop and yet they're good pals. Look at I've watched the puppies of the pack on in exactly the same way."

"What is Tam supposed to be doing "He's watching the spotter. Tam be down presently, and we'll ask D how he came to meet Jonathan. This ness has been going on for weeks."

Tam had received the recall signal. neath him he saw the two "spotters" turning home, and he waved his hand his sporting companion, and came r in a little more than twice his own le He saw his strange friend's hand raise acknowledgment, and watched him for the south. Tam drove on for greater part of a mile, then some made him look back.

THE DANGEROUS WHITE DRAGON FLY.

Above his friend was a glittering dragon fly, and even as he looked th darted down at the American tail.

"Missed him!" said Tam, and round. He was racing with the wind at speed, and he must have been doing miles an hour but for the fact that he climbing at the extreme angle. He the dragon fly loop and climb and American swing about to attack.

But his machine was too slow. That knew. Nothing short of a miracle save the lower machine, for the enemy again reached the higher position. So grossed was he with his plan that he not see Tam until the Scot was dr blindly to meet him, until the first sh from Tam's Lewis gun rained on wing fusilage. The German swerved in his and missed his proper prey. Tam behind him and above him, but in no tion to attack. He could, and did drum into the fleeing foeman for he have had some sort of defensive for none of the shots took effect.

"Turn him, Archie!" groaned Tam as though the earth gunners had ple, a screen of bursting shrapnel before the dragon fly. He turned and dived, with Tam behind him. His nose was for home, and Tam, a mile pursuit, banked round and made home also. Near his own lines he up with the circling "Fo received his thanks—four fin the air—before the signaller a route within the lines. own aerodrome.

"Phew!" said Tam shak he reported.

"Whom were you c Blackie. "He can go!"

"Yon's MacMuller," sa his thumb at the eastern verra likeable chap, but a an' a big bit too fast. sir, can ye no' get me a fly? Ma wee machine is hearse, but 'm no' anxious corpse."

"You've got the fast France, Tam," said the Tam nodded.

"It's verra likely she w sweet," he confessed. Muller! He's a grand fl couraged by the fine thing said about ma poetry. A bonnie verse in ma head burying'! Hae ye a cigar a Blackie. I gae ma case Glesca, an' he hasna return

NEXT WEEK

Mr Edgar Wallace relates the exciting adventures of Tam in his gallant attempt to bring down the famous German airman, Muller.

HUN OFFICER COVETS KILT.

KILSYTH SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCES IN PRISON CAMP.

& S. H. PRIVATE WHO AY NINE DAYS IN THE OPEN.

Kilsyth, Saturday Night.

irty months as a prisoner of war has pleted failed to quell the good humour Priv James Rankin, a Kilsyth lad in Ca ian Force, who has reached his e t after being repatriated from ze d.

ficially reported killed in 1915, Private kin, alluding to the shortness of his od of leave, remarked to a "Post Sun- Special" representative that if he had dead he would not have got that even, it was no use kicking!

I have had a great experience," he ad- ed, "but one I would not recommend anyone as a health tonic. I never want see the Germans again; they are com- y I could recommend to nobody."

t the second battle of Ypres in 1915 he knocked unconscious by the concussion sed by a bursting shell, was gassed, so proved an easy capture for the Huns. was taken to the great military centre of ttingen, where he was long in hospital. re the prisoners got good medical treat- t, but they were practically dependent food on the parcels from Britain. An doctor told them that the Germans did have food for the prisoners, not that did not have it for themselves.

stensibly to augment the food supply of camp, the prisoners were started to t all the odd corners about the place various kinds of vegetables; but none them ever grew. The prisoners had so faith in the declared intentions of their ors that they nipped the roots of all the nts as they put them into the ground. re was a bit of a row over this trick rwards.

he war news in the German newspapers regularly translated to the prisoners by old parson. How he chuckled as he re- d the victories! The Britishers had for me many gloomy forebodings until an glish newspaper mysteriously found its into the camp, and was stealthily ed around amongst the prisoners. Pri- Rankin laughed heartily as he recalled old padre coming round, and in his ken English exclaiming, 'Oh, Eng- iers. Englanders! We have drownded e more of your big boats. Yah, yah!" he lovely tartan of the Canadian kilt ed the covetous spirit of a Hun officer, tried hard to secure it with offers of ey and trousers, but he was told that the money in Germany would not buy Even five days in prison on bread and er failed to induce the owner to part his garment.

here was a remarkable coincidence when representative of the American Embassy Berlin paid a visit to the camp to see if prisoners had any complaints. The 's face struck Private Rankin as being iliar, but he could not remember where had met him. When the formal inter- was over Private Rankin stepped over the American and told him that he ght he should know him. Had he ever n in Canada? The American said he had. e once lectured in the Methodist Hall the town from which Private Rankin ed! He had. There and then there ed across Private Rankin's brain the le scene, and he was able to tell the erican that the subject of his lecture on occasion was "A Traveller Abroad."

ALEXANDRIA SOLDIER'S NINE DAYS' ORDEAL.

Alexandria, Saturday Night.

rivate John Crerar, A. and S.H., who been exchanged after having been a oner for over two years, has arrived at home in Alexandria. He is the son of and Mrs Donald Crerar, 159 Main Street, andria, and was a member of the Dum- onshire Territorials when the war broke and although he is not yet twenty-one rs of age, he has now served about six s with his battalion.

rivate Crerar went to France in Feb- y, 1915 and in the second battle of res on 24th and 25th May following fell the hands of the Germans. Crerar was y wounded, and had to seek cover in itch.

e sustained a compound fracture of the t leg and could not walk. He lay in ditch for safety for two days with the lls falling round him, and afterwards pt into a shell hole some distance away greater safety. Here Crerar lay for er seven days without food and only a e water to drink. When picked up by German patrol he was more dead than e.

rerar was taken back to Belgium, where lay in the hospital for seven months. was in the hospital there when the le of Loos was fought, the hospital being some ten miles from the firing line. wounded Britons could hear the guns ming while they were lying in their . So great was the Germans' fear of efeat at that time, when the battle of e was fought, that everything was ked up at the hospital ready for removal a few minutes' notice. He was after- ds transferred to a hospital in Germany re he lay for five months. Thereafter was removed to Chateau-d'-oex in Swit- land, where he has been in captivity for last sixteen months.

rivate Crerar has no complaint as to any reatment. He states that he was well ated by the Germans, as he was in the pital for the most of the time. The mmander in charge of one of the pitals had been a prisoner himself dur- the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, and treated the prisoners kindly. The ors did everything they could for their ients.

efore the war Crerar was employed Messrs John Brown & Company, lydebank.

REVOLUTION WILL COME

IF LORDS THROW OUT FRANCHISE BILL

SAYS BOB SMILLIE AT LABOUR CONFERENCE.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Scottish Labourists had a field day in Glasgow, the occasion being the third annual meeting of the Scottish Advisory Council of the Labour Party.

Mr Robert Smillie, who presided, contended that peace by negotiation was more likely to rid the world of what led to wars—not peace at any price, but peace that would be a fair peace to all parties—as far as that could be realised. Going on to speak of pacifists, he declared that it would take all the builders we had several years to build the necessary jail accommodation if all the pacifists who desired peace by negotiation were to be imprisoned, as some persons suggested they should be.

Mr Smillie's last subject was the Franchise Bill, and the possibility of the House of Lords attempting to interfere with the passing of that measure. If the House of Lords were so foolish as to attempt to hold up the Bill, he thought it would lead, as it ought to lead, to revolution. (Hear, hear.)

Mr Ramsay Macdonald, who represented the National Executive of the Labour Party, said, with reference to the House of Lords, "let that House interfere with the Franchise Bill." If they were to have a storm, let them unloose the floodgates altogether, so that the cleansing would be all the more thorough than it would be if they had false friends round about them.

A resolution was passed protesting against the refusal of the Lanarkshire Military Appeal Tribunal to continue the exemption of Councillor Shinwell, and calling upon the War Office to carry out the arrangement by which Trade Union officials were exempted from military service.

At a later stage, a resolution was also adopted pressing upon the attention of the Home Office the suggestion that Councillors George Smith and P. J. Dollan should be given work of national importance which would not exclude them from the performance of their public duties.

MINE MANAGERS' SALARIES.

COAL CONTROLLER AND A MINIMUM.

£4 A WEEK FOR UNDER-MANAGERS.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

The remuneration paid to colliery managers was discussed to-night by the Scottish branch of the National Association of Colliery Managers, at a meeting held in Edinburgh.

Mr James Gilchrist (Cambuslang) said he took it that it was no secret that as a result of representations made to the Coal Controller the latter official had recommended the coalmasters in Scotland to grant a minimum wage of £4 per week to the under-managers throughout the country. If this concession was granted the under-managers, then in what position was it proposed to put the responsible colliery manager?

Personally, he did not believe in the managers being members of a trades union, but if the services of the managers were not properly recognised then the coalmasters had only themselves to blame for driving the managers into such a society.

A Grievance.

Mr M'Ginnis (Giffnock Colliery), Glasgow, indicated that it was somewhat of a grievance amongst the colliery managers of Scotland, that the Coal Mines' Act should be founded to a great extent on the customs and conditions pertaining to the English coalfields.

In view of that fact the authorities seemed to consider it but right that Englishmen should be instructed with the duty of seeing the Mines' Act carried out in Scotland. (Applause).

Was it not possible that the Association could use its influence in initiating a movement with the aim and object of seeing that Scotland had a separate legislative mining body, which would be responsible for the safe and economic development of Scottish mining? (Applause).

Mr John George (Cambuslang) maintained that the one way the Association could help the young men, who were entering the profession was to recognise a minimum wage.

DUNDEE MILITARY MEDALLIST.

Lance-Corporal T. Dippie, 4th Black Watch, whose home is at 6 St Matthew Street, Dundee, has been awarded the Military Medal for taking up ammunition under heavy shell fire in France. He has been at the front for nearly three years, and has passed through all the stiff engagements in which his regiment has been engaged. Lance-Corporal Dippie was a carrier with the N.B. before the war, and is very well known amongst Dundee railwaymen.

Broughty Ferry bowlers raised £36 yesterday afternoon by a series of competitions on their green at West Ferry, in aid of the Red Cross funds.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

The finalists for the president's prize at Renton Bowling Club yesterday were John M'Crimmon and James Ritchie. The former won by 21 to 13.

John Fulton, a private in the Royal Scots, was sentenced at Hamilton to twenty days' imprisonment without the option of a fine for assaulting a girl factory worker.

Wounded soldiers in Kilmarnock Auxiliary Hospital were entertained to an enjoyable afternoon's recreation by the members of the Portland Bowling Club.

Acting Leading Seaman William Sharp, R.N.V.R., son of Mr James Sharp, Bothy Row, Carronshore, by Falkirk, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal.

Newgate Bowling Club closed the season yesterday, with a match between the president, Mr Robert Shaw, and the vice-president, Mr W. Booth. The former won by 88 to 69 shots.

A wristlet watch and a well filled purse of Treasury notes have been presented to Sergeant James Jack, Royal Scots, Redding, to mark the occasion of his winning the Military Medal

Mr Thomas B. Stirling, Alexandria, has been appointed chairman of Vale of Leven Food Control Committee, while Mr George M'Leod, registrar, Alexandria, has been elected secretary.

Private Frank Emslie, M.A., Gordon Highlanders, was presented in Bonnybridge Public Hall, with a handsome brass timepiece with side ornaments, in recognition of his gaining the Military Medal.

Signaller John Gray, R.F.A., whose home is in Shotts, has been awarded the Military Medal for gallantry. Previous to enlisting he was an employee in the fleshing department of Shotts Co-Operative Society.

At the Hamilton J.P. Court yesterday, James Goldie, residing at Morriston Street, Cambuslang, was ordered to be handed over to the military authorities on a charge of being an absentee from the Seaforths.

The report of the Amalgamated Miners and Manual Labourers, West Lothian, shows that the income for six months, inclusive of money in bank and in War Loan, is £1652, or £24 more than the previous six months.

Arrangements are being made for 250 men of the Argyll Volunteers from Dunoon, Oban, &c., attending the Volunteer inspection by the Duke of Connaught, K.G., K.T., Commander-in-Chief, in Glasgow next Sunday.

Captain D. C. Hanson, R.A.M.C., attached to the King's Royal Rifle Corps, son of Mr and Mrs John Hanson, Merryston House, Blairhill, Coatbridge, has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery.

Sergeant John Cameron, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, whose home is in Loganlea, West Calder, has been awarded the Military Medal for conspicuous bravery. He was an employee of West Calder Co-Operative Society.

Monday being Glasgow's Autumn holiday, many Glaswegians hied themselves coastwise for a final flutter for this year on the prom., and Dunoon had a busy day yesterday. Last night Mr Dick Sutherd's Merry Geishas concluded a most successful season at the Cosy Corner, East Bay.

Mr John M'Kellar, Alderdale, Luss, Loch Lomond, has received intimation that his son, Pioneer J. M'Kellar, Royal Engineers, was killed in France on 7th September by a stray shell while in his dug-out exactly three years after he joined up. He was twenty-five years of age, and before enlisting was a sorter and telegraphist in Mount Pleasant Post Office, London

Official intimation has been received by Mr Robert M'Crae, miner, Freeland Place, Kirkintilloch, that his son, Private M'Crae, has been decorated by the King of Italy for conspicuous bravery while engaged with the Royal Flying Corps in Macedonia. By flying low and working effectively with his machine gun Private M'Crae saved a position. He has previously gained the D.C.M. and the Russian Cross of St George.

DUNOON AND THE 9D LOAF.

FOOD CONTROLLER'S CONFERENCES.

Dunoon, Saturday Night.

This afternoon Mr Gideon Murray, Food Commissioner for the West of Scotland, held two conferences at Dunoon, the first being with the Cowal Food Control Committee in the County Courthouse, and the second with Dunoon Burgh Food Control Committee in the Burgh Buildings.

The conferences had been arranged owing to the fact that the bakers in Dunoon and district, and also those selling Glasgow-made bread, had declined to sell the 4 lb. loaf at the Government price of ninepence. When the Order came into force the master bakers of Dunoon, with the knowledge of, but without consent of, the local committee, charged tenpence on the plea that the freight on flour was greater than other places. The local committee declined to grant a temporary license at this figure, and as Mr A. R. Nimmo the procurator-fiscal) intimated his intention of prosecuting all who sold above the official price, matters grew serious, especially when the bakers threatened to close down.

At the conference with the Cowal Committee, although no definite decision could be come to regarding the price of bread in the district, it was agreed to allow dealers to charge tenpence, the bakers to submit freight and other figures to the Food Controller before a permanent license is granted. The same arrangement was come to at Dunoon Committee's Conference.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

REVIVAL IN HOME RAILS.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special."

London, Saturday Night.

While the Stock markets have not gone exactly from grave to gay during the past week, they have at any rate been much more cheerful than at any time since the recent crisis in Russia.

In the meantime the new British offensive has stirred the pulses of the Stock Exchange, which is also disposed to give more heed to the signs that are multiplying of war-weariness in Germany.

Under all the circumstances there is every prospect of firm and indeed strong markets when once the terms of the new Government borrowing scheme, which are expected in the course of the next week, are forthcoming.

Home Rails Revive.

From the investment point of view Home Rails never offered so many attractions as at the present time, even after allowing for the competition of other investment departments.

In the Heavy division the premier stock, North-Western, can still be bought at 91½, which includes three months' accrued dividend, and shows a yield of 6 9-16 per cent. per annum.

Amongst the Passenger stocks, Brighton A, carrying as much as nine months' accrued dividend, are obtainable at 57½, offering a return of about 7 per cent. per annum.

As regards the Scotch stocks, North British Three Per Cent. Preferred stock is as attractive as any at 42½, thus yielding 7 1-16 per cent. per annum. Similar returns are obtainable in the whole of this department.

Rubbers Active.

The Rubber share market is as active as ever.

The advantage possessed by this market is the almost constant succession of dividend announcements, which serve to keep the interest alive. Yet, however, it requires some courage and a good deal of faith in the future to pay 4s 1½d and 5s 6d respectively for the two-shilling shares of the Rotterdam-Delhi and the Dolok companies simply on the basis of the annual dividends of 7½ per cent, at present being paid by both companies.

From the dividend point of view Kali Glagahs are more attractive at 5s, in view of the announcement of a balance dividend of 12½ per cent., making 17½ per cent., less tax, for the past year, as compared with 15 per cent. for the preceding year.

The Rubana is also paying 17½ per cent., but these are £1 shares, standing at 2 3-16, thus yielding about 8 per cent. per annum.

Oils Active in Places.

The Oil market has shown a good deal of activity in places, and the Trinidad group has continued to go in the way it should, with Trinidad Leaseholds and Trinidad Dominions as the bright particular features.

Egyptians have vied with them, and Suez Oil have been largely dealt in, and stand nearly at 4s. There is a rumour of the possible absorption of this company by the Anglo-Egyptian Oilfields, but the market as a whole prefers to maintain an open mind upon the subject pending definite information.

Kern Rivers have shown a firm tone at under 10s.

Features of the Mining Market.

Among Kaffirs, Spring Mines are firmer on hopes that they will be able to obtain the new areas recently put up for tenders. The Modder Group is firm.

In Rhodesians there has been a sharp rise in Tanganyika and Zambesia Exploration in anticipation of the very favourable Directors' reports which are expected.

Chartered are firm at 14s, and Falcon, as well as Goldfields Rhodesian Development, are improving.

Silver and Silver Mines Strong.

Silver has now further advanced to 55d per ounce for bars, and the whole of the silver mines are firm.

Burma are fairly firm, but Mining Corporation of Canada have come to a stop in the rise. Camp Birds and Santa Gertrudis are very strong.

CLACKMANNAN FOOD PRODUCTION.

Alloa, Saturday.

At a meeting of the Clackmannanshire Food Production Committee, held in the County Buildings, Alloa, to-day, Mr Robert M'Gee, executive officer, reported that the returns sent in by the farmers of the county showed that they were prepared to cultivate during 1918 ground to the extent of 5243½ acres, as compared with 4065½ acres in 1916. The total green crop proposed was 1319 acres, as compared with 1251¼ acres in 1916.

FREE!

THESE CHARMING SILKEN PICTURES

Beautifully Printed in Colours on Fine Material.

Get the first one with every copy of

THE HAPPY HOME

On Sale Tuesday, September 25.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

If your Chemist is sold out you can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to The Laboratory, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The Marvellous Specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—
—CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING
—TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS
—LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED
—BLOOD SPITTING —DIFFICULT BREATHING
—BRONCHIAL CATARRH —QUINSY —CROUP
—PNEUMONIA —NASAL CATARRH
—LARYNGITIS —RACKING COUGH
—NIGHT SWEATS —CHOKING PHLEGM
—INFLUENZA —EMPHYSEMA

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of Tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from Lung Trouble, and my doctor told me that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and miraculously saved his life.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mrs Wakedel, Cardington, Bedford, writes on the 15th Sept., after suffering from Bronchial Catarrh, Bronchial Asthma, and Nasal Catarrh. She says "LIQUFRUTA" is a wonderful medicine, the best she had ever discovered; what more could she say? Her letter is an example of hundreds received daily, who write testifying with hearts overflowing with gratitude, and all anxious that other sufferers should learn the good news. The testimony of Mrs Wakedel appeals to the plain man in the street, to the ordinary woman. She herself suffered from Chronic Asthma, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, and Chronic Bronchial Catarrh. Doctors told her she could get no better, and so she had given up hope; but the doctors were all wrong, as you will see. These are the diseases that lead to Consumption; they are the diseases that baffle the doctors. Hundreds of letters of gratitude have been published in the columns of this paper telling how "LIQUFRUTA" has cured Consumption when the Sanatorium had failed, and cured Lung Trouble when the sufferer was so ill that he had even taken up residence in the "Home for the Dying." Now for Mrs Wakedel's own words:—"This changeable weather does not suit me, and I really dare not be without a bottle of 'LIQUFRUTA' in the house; it is really fine medicine for Asthma, Bronchitis, and Nasal Catarrh, the best I ever had; I don't know where I should have been had I not had it. I am so pleased with 'LIQUFRUTA'; it is indeed wonderful." Just as in the case of this lady—no matter how long you have suffered; no matter if the trouble is Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh, or Whooping Cough; no matter how many remedies you may have tried without avail—"LIQUFRUTA," THE MIGHTY HEALER, will relieve, or cure, you if you will only give it a fair trial.

a. supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co. and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- or direct and Post Free from Mr W. Home-Newcombe, 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For abroad sufficient to cover postage must be added. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liqufruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

THE WELCOME NEWS FROM OSTEND.

OFFICIAL V.C. "SPOTTERS" HAVE BEEN BUSY.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)
London, Saturday Night.

THE official report of the bombardment of Ostend reached London this afternoon just as people were making their way to the railway stations on their way home from work. Despite the absence of the old-time contents bill, it was amazing how rapidly the news spread.

This new development in our operations against the Belgian coast seemed to kill all interest in the reply of the Central Powers to the Vatican's Note. In this the public instinct was right. Most people are convinced that Germany will never consent to anything but a German peace until she has sustained a crushing military defeat in the Western theatre of the war.

Those who knew Ostend in the days before the war, who have tried their luck at its gaming tables, and were familiar with its gaiety and frivolity at the height of the season, find it difficult to picture this pleasant seaside resort being given over to the grim business of war. But the news which has now come to hand is news for which we have all been waiting for many weeks past.

A German Peace.

The text of Berlin's answer has been read in London with a suspicion which the Central powers will find it difficult to eradicate. We should all like to believe the Emperor William's protestations of good intentions, but it is not possible to forget that Germany is a comparatively recent convert to the principle that right is might.

The authors of the U-boat murders, the destruction of Louvain, the murders of Miss Cavell and Captain Fryatt previously held a very different doctrine. Nor does it escape notice that whilst the Kaiser pays lip service to disarmament and arbitration, there is no reference whatever either to the evacuation of Belgium or to the disannexation of Alsace-Lorraine.

We are told instead that negotiations should be set on foot for a settlement that shall have regard to the existing situation in Europe. If this does not mean a German peace it is hard to understand what it does mean.

V.C.s of the Latest Push.

One result of the latest push will be a big increase in the number of V.C. awards. Officers who are in a position to know say that the acts of individual heroism have been unusually numerous, and regimental commanders have already sent in recommendations which will be considered by the Commander-in-Chief in due course.

It may be taken that the awards will be distributed well over the different regiments in the engagement, and the various Highland units taking part will get their share. Experience has shown that the system of noting and rewarding deeds of heroism in the field is far from perfect, but Sir Douglas Haig has done a great deal to improve it.

There have been several special orders to regimental commanders on the point, and, as the result of one recent order, each battalion now has its hero-spotter, who makes it his business to bring under the notice of the colonel all cases of exceptional bravery or merit on the part of the men. I am told that this is the first occasion on which the spotters have been at work, and it will be interesting to watch the result.

Miners and Their Wages.

Miners all over the country await with interest the special conference of their leaders in London on Wednesday next. The object of the meeting is to receive the report of the delegates who put before the Coal Controller the demand for an increase of twenty-five per cent. on existing wage rates.

The nature of the reply has been kept a secret by the men's leaders, but I am able to state that the full demand has been refused. The offer made will work out at about 7s 6d per week. The Conference is not likely to accept this offer, and they will probably ask for a further meeting with the Controller.

In the event of agreement not being reached, the matter will go to arbitration, and some friends of the miners doubt very much whether they will be able to make out a case before the arbiter. The leaders, however, seem willing to take the risk of their claim being disallowed altogether.

"Some" Prophet This!

Another of these strange prophetical stories which crop up from time to time with regard to the duration of the war is going the rounds. I give it as told for what it is worth.

Two gentlemen motoring in Kent left their chauffeur to see to a breakdown, and, wandering through the woods, came upon a gipsy encampment. An old woman offered to tell their fortunes, and on being laughingly asked to tell instead when the war would finish, replied—"It will be all over by the end of October."

Observing that her prophecy was received with doubt, she pointed to the road by which the motorists had come, and said, "If you want to test whether I am a true or a false prophet, go back whence you came. When you get there you will find your chauffeur is dead."

When the two returned to their car they found the man lying under the car, dead, as the gipsy had prophesied. It is necessary to add that the names of the motorists cannot be discovered, and that this story, in different disguises, is not unfamiliar to most people.

MORE 'JAM' FOR SPOON-FED GERMANS.

SUDDEN NEW DEVELOPMENT OF U-BOAT CAMPAIGN.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

ABOUT the most interesting item of naval news published during the past week was the weekly return of shipping sunk. In this announcement a record was established, and a record in the right direction. For the first time since the weekly return was instituted in February last the number of large ships lost has fallen to one figure—namely, eight ships sunk. The number of vessels unsuccessfully attacked has also been reduced to six.

But, to check any complacency on our part, the U boats have kindly presented us with a little bill of twenty sunken British ships, all under 1600 tons. Actually, nine of these twenty should be transferred to the return for the week ending September 9. From the middle of June to the beginning of September the losses in the lighter ships (under 1600 tons) were very light. On an average, a little over three ships of this class were sunk per week, the highest loss recorded during these thirteen weeks being seven, and the lowest only one ship. The German submarines appeared to have resolved on leaving the small ships alone and concentrating their attacks on the larger, ocean-going vessels.

During the past twenty days or so the U boats have developed a sudden spasm of hate for the smaller vessels, and put up their casualties into double figures again. It is hard to find any plausible reason for this sudden display of ferocity against the smaller fry. It may be that the unterseeboote commanders are finding that armed liners and ocean freighters are getting too troublesome to tackle, especially when such vessels are under warship convoy. Accordingly, they develop an appetite for the easier targets, to be found among the coasting craft and small freighters making short-distance voyages.

Huns Getting No "Forrarder."

All these fluctuations and sudden developments in the German submarine campaign make it a subject that is highly dangerous to utter any predictions upon. All the same, it appears fairly certain that the German Admiralty is not running its piracy warfare to any settled or long-sighted plan. They have rung all the changes; they have attacked the big ocean ships; they have raided the small coasting vessels; and they have shot up the fishing craft. But they get no "forrarder." They have fumbled about and found no loophole. Yet they must go on with it, because it is the only form of naval warfare they can employ at present. The more the weekly returns of shipping losses shrink the closer do the Germans approach to the unpleasant alternative they are trying to dodge. That alternative is using the High Sea Fleet as an active fighting force.

One of the more amusing and peculiar sides of the whole game is the way the public in Germany consumes the unending official promises of "jam to-morrow." Last May they were told that the longer days and calmer weather of the summer months would enable the U boats to develop their full destructive power. Now they are informed that it is during the longer winter nights that the U boat is going to settle down to work! Every assurance was given last February that the war would end this summer, and peace would break out about August 1. Within two months the official prophets started to "hedge" on their predictions. Some said the end of the war was postponed till the middle of October, while others declared it was useless to announce that the submarines could stop the conflict by any fixed date.

A New German Prophet.

Captain Kuhlwetter, one of the German naval critics, has dragged a new phophet into the limelight, one Doctor August Kaegbein. Undeterred by previous failures, Dr Kaegbein takes a very long shot at the almanac, and says the war is going to end by April of next year. Kaegbein (as edited by Kurlwetter) places little reliance on the success of the U boats, and ascribes our coming collapse to the necessity of diverting ships from military duties to food-carrying services. At the present moment about sixty per cent. of our mercantile tonnage is employed on naval and military duties. During next December, Dr Kaegbein says, we will be so short of cargo space for food stuffs that we will begin to withdraw ships from military service. With wonderful precision he announces that by the end of next March we will have withdrawn two and a half million tons from military service, and by the end of April three million tons. Deprived of one-third of the shipping required for transport service, our military operations on the Continent will at once collapse. (Curtain.)

There is one side of the question Dr Kaegbein does not discuss so carefully, and that is the exact amount of new tonnage building in this country, or on order abroad. If our plans mature there will be no need to withdraw three million tons of shipping from military service by the end of next April, because by that time some million tons of new shipping built should be available. Dr Kaegbein's promises are not in the least novel. In February, 1915, the German Admiralty announced that it was going to employ the U boats to hinder, in every possible way, the transport of troops and stores to France. Nothing whatever came of that terrible threat. Now, after thirty months or so, the idea is revived, but is dressed up in rather a different disguise, so that the German public will not recognise it as an old and falsified prediction.

Smoke Screen Protection from U Boats.

The Admiralty has at last allowed public reference to be made to the subject of smoke-screen protection, as used in our mercantile vessels for defence against the U boats. That such expedients were being employed has been a matter of common knowledge in shipping circles for a long time past. About three months ago reference was made in these columns, I think, to remarks published in American papers. All that could be said on this side was that a famous British liner had arrived in an American port, and was exciting interest by the novelty of her anti-submarine defences. What the U.S. journals actually printed was a description of the special smoke funnels erected on a big Cunard liner.

Just a month ago I made a dissertation on the subject of this war being one of invisibility and "camouflage." The navy has been no whit less ardent than the army in the pursuit of eye-deceiving devices. A whole book—and a most interesting one at that—could be filled with the experiments made in "invisible" colours for our fighting ships.

The baby monitors at one time broke out into the most wonderful coloured combinations. One boat decorated herself in the manner of a Cubist picture; another emulated the variety of a patchwork quilt; and a third painted the fore half of her hull in one colour, and the aft half in another. An Australian light cruiser aroused undying envy among the monitors by sporting alternate red and white stripes along her hull, with spiral patterns up her funnels. Battleships became infected, and developed most loathsome colour combinations of mange, mildew, and malignant leprosy.

Just at present one of the most famous and formidable of our light cruisers looks like—well, she doesn't look like anything in particular, except a paint factory, after being hit by an aero bomb. She is the most extraordinary mess-up of slabs, squares, segments, circles, stripes, and streaks ever seen afloat. "Invisible" painting is now reported to be used for mercantile vessels.

This, however, is a digression from the topic of smoke screens for mercantile ships. Such a form of defence is a leaf neatly extracted from the U boat's book. What you cannot see you cannot accurately attack. The U boat, when assailed, dives underwater, and becomes invisible, except to aerial craft. When attacked by the U boat the mercantile ships now set their "chemical works" going, and "submerge" themselves in an impenetrable pall of smoke.

If the submarine goes on with the business, she can only fire at random into the smoke screen. Loosing off torpedoes "on spec." is sheer waste of ammunition. To make a successful torpedo attack you must accurately estimate, first, your distance from the target, and next the speed and course of the ship you are aiming at. The torpedo must be aimed and fired at a point ahead of the target, so that torpedo and target travelling together will both arrive at the same point at the same moment. Everything must be measured and timed with exactitude. Even then torpedoes are "kittle cattle," and will run to the surface and break water, plunge down, or run off the intended course.

The Vanishing Target.

Even under the best conditions, every torpedo attack made is more or less a gamble. When the target suddenly vanishes behind a smoke screen you cannot tell where she has gone to, and you cannot attack because you have nothing to "go on." Firing off torpedoes, of which submarines carry only four to eight, is simply wasting instruments costing hundreds of pounds apiece. All the U boat can do is to give up the job and look for another target.

When smoke screens first came into use is hard to trace out. We did discover the idea about 1900, but did not know it at the time. The battleship Mars was equipped for experiments with oil fuel, but owing to bad adjustment of the burners she simply poured out smoke by the ton. After stinking out the whole of Portsmouth Harbour three times and creating redolent fog, she was voted an unmentionable nuisance. At that time all oil fuel experiments were aimed in the other direction—that is, producing smokeless combustion.

Admiral the Earl of Mountbatten (who may be better recognised under his old title as Prince Louis of Battenberg) is said to have first used his destroyers for creating smoke screens during naval manœuvres about eight or ten years ago. The Germans have strongly developed the "cuttle-fish idea." When Scheer found himself in a very tight corner at Jutland the Hun destroyers are said to have put up smoke from their funnels, thrown out smoke bombs or boxes, and fired some peculiar kind of rocket for the same purpose. They created a dense curtain behind which the German Commander-in-Chief extricated himself from a very unpleasant situation. The complete history of smoke bombs and such contrivances in this war cannot yet be told. But they have played as important a part in attacking submarines as in defending vessels from the U boats.

FALKIRK OFFICER'S DISTINCTION.

Captain R. L. Hannah, H.L.I., who has gained the Military Cross, is the second son of Mr D. Hannah, Manor Street, Falkirk.

MORE 'JAM' FOR SPOON-FED GERMANS—Continued.

A MYSTERIOUS SCOTSWOMAN.

FRIEND IN NEED TO BRITISH PRISONERS.

PUNISHED BY HUNS FOR HER HUMANITY.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")
London, Saturday Night.

Who is the mysterious Scotswoman, the wife of a German official, who has proved herself a friend in need to so many of the British prisoners in Germany, and has now paid for her kindness by being sent to prison? That is the question that is on the lips of many of the men who have just come back from Switzerland, after being released from German prison camps, where the one relief to the monotonous round was afforded by the ministrations of this kindly Scots soul.

The story that follows is told exclusively to "The Post Sunday Special" by a Seaforth Highlander, who was captured at Ypres over two years ago.

We found things very dull and hard. Severe restrictions were imposed on us, and we were not allowed to communicate with the outside world. At first we were looked upon as a sort of show to take the place of picture houses shut down for lack of power and staffs. Crowds used to come to see us. They only came to mock at us. One exception was a woman with a sweet, motherly face, who used to come and smile at us. She didn't look to be German, but it was not for a long time that we got a chance of finding out something about her.

The Lady's Story.

One day, when the guards were not so strict, she managed to get near enough to pass something over to the men nearest her. We found it was a cake. From that day she always managed to pass all kinds of luxuries to us, and she brought us flowers. Later she even managed to pass papers to us, and then one day she got into conversation with us. She said she was a Scotswoman. She had left Edinburgh fifteen years ago, and, after living in Germany as a music teacher, she had married a German.

She had been happy enough until the war broke out. Then trouble had begun. She naturally sympathised with her own people. Her husband's friends were furious against her, and her life had been hell for months. She had seen the kilted warriors marched in, and had to stand helplessly and silently by while they were mocked and jeered at. Her heart had bled for her own folk subjected to this humiliation, and for days she had hung about the prison camp in the hope of being able to do something to brighten their lives. For a time she was not able to get into communication with us, so strict was the watch on her, but at last she had managed it.

Discovered!

For some weeks after that we saw her smiling face every day, and we always got some mark of her kindly interest in us. Then one day, for the first time, she was not there. We were disappointed, but hoped she would turn up again. We never saw her more; but a few days later a big pot in staff uniform came along and made inquiries among the prisoners and the guards. We told nothing, but we learned a great deal. The mysterious Scotswoman had been discovered by the Germans and was under arrest.

For some days we tried without avail to get news of her fate, and at last we succeeded. One of the new men put on guard over us brought word that she had been court-martialled and sentenced to five years' imprisonment for her kindness to us. Her husband had been fined and removed from his job in the town, because he had not taken better care of his wife. After the kind soul had been taken to prison a mob had wrecked her house.

ROTHESAY'S SUNDAY.

(To the Editor of "The Post Sunday Special.")

Sir,—I was pleased to see "A Glasgow Week-Ender" having a dig at the "unco' guid" of Rothesay Town Council. Until the electors wake up, and put an end to the prohibition of Sunday cars Rothesay can never take her place as a leading watering place. If an attempt were made to brighten up the Sunday in Rothesay there would be a great increase of visitors and week-enders to the end of October. This prolongation of the season would be of great benefit to shopkeepers and other caterers to the requirements of the visitors. Only in this way can Rothesay flourish.

A GLASGOW WELLWISHER.
September 17, 1917.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

Charter for the Profiteer

In every respect the Rhondda ... has raised the charges, and pro... charter for the profiteer.—New ...

No Time for Peace Parle

Peace talk is corrosive. The ... is preparing to fight, and figh... and not an unsafe, peace.—Chi...

A Request.

May we bespeak the patience of the ... with the new Director of Fo... Sir Arthur Yapp. No premat... please.—Star.

A Sure Cure.

The dance craze would soon ... you could pass a law compelling ... and wives to dance with each ... time.—Detroit Free Press.

A Bit Reassuring

General Petain has time to raise ... near the French general headquarters ... confidence that no Boche will ... garden is a bit reassuring in the ... other enthusiasms.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Let the Generals Win the War.

Let the Generals get on with the war ... they will get on with it—rapidly. War ... best conducted by men, not by ... societies, misnamed War Councils and ... Cabinets.—Prof. Grothwohl in Dundee ... vertiser.

And a Good Substitute to

We cannot feed Germany and fight ... too. The embargo is one of the ... and surest ways of bringing our ... bear as a substitute for the power ... Russia might have exercised.—... Transcript.

Wily Huns.

Mr Lloyd George and Mr Wilson are ... ing to persuade the German people to ... the lead of Russia, France, and Britain ... domestic revolution; but the Germans ... a trick worth two of that. Wisely they ... waiting until the war ends.—Saturday ... view.

Not a Question of Route

Germany reiterates its eagerness for ... proposals coming "via Vienna," but her ... chance for peace is one coming from ... ington, London, Paris, Rome, Petro... and Tokio. Whether that goes "via Vien... or otherwise does not matter.—New ... Herald.

First Catch Your Hare.

The Kaiser has been indicted for rob... murder, arson, bribing, and conspiracy ... the Grand Jury of Lauderdale County, ... souri, and the necessary papers are in ... Sheriff's hands. All that official now ... to do is to go and get the offender—... treal Star.

The Way Through and the Way Over.

The way through is blocked up by the ... penetrable barrier of machinery. There ... mains the "way over" by means of ... planes, which have neither to go round ... through, but only to leap the enemy's ... like a new kind of nightmare cavalry ... jumps are measured not by feet but by ... —Spectator.

The Food Question.

The truth about the food position is ... very simple, yet it appears to be beyond ... popular understanding. There will ... enough for everybody only if everybody ... be content with no more than is ... and that means a good deal less than ... consumption (and the waste) of ... times.—Truth.

Cranks, Please Note!

That the densely-populated regions ... Rhineland and Westphalia, where every ... bodied inhabitant is working for the Ger... war machine, can be attacked by Allied ... craft without the least compunction, ... proposition which none but cranks and ... Germans will have the hardihood to dis... —Naval and Military Record.

A Clean Sweep of Potsdam

The German peoples can have peace ... terms, whenever they choose to rid ... selves of Hohenzollern absolutism. ... there has been a clean sweep of Potsdam ... of all it represents, the war and the blo... will be pushed on remorselessly and ... flexibly. The German people must be ... to understand that there is no appeal ... this condition.—Outlook.

Not Belgium Alone.

Even if we could liberate Northern F... and Belgium to-morrow, we should still ... to go on until a beaten Germany had ... more than that. There is Alsace-Lor... which must be restored. But, beyond ... there is the solution on a basis of nation... —which must inevitably be at the ex... of the Central Empires—of the great ... problems of Eastern and ... Europe.—New Statesman.

The Never-Endians

The Never-Endians are blind to the ... significance of war. Wars in which ... whole manhood, and practically the ... womanhood, of most of the civilised ... listed have an enforced time limit. ... is reached when wars of nations ... of hungry nations. "Victors" and "... quished" have then to remember that ... and women possess mouths and stom... and cannot indefinitely turn the ... mere arms for the striking ... down.—The Nation.

VON KUHLMANN: GERMAN MAN OF MYSTERY.

AMAZING ACTIVITIES OF AUTHOR OF GERMAN PEACE PLOT.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

(EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

NE of the most insidious, crafty, and sinister figures in Germany to-day is t of Doctor Richard von Kuhlmann, e Councillor of the German Embassy in ndon, and now employed by the Kaiser execute various missions entailing g, treachery, and double-dealing. We not strangers, and I think he has cause remember me.

n Sunday, July 20, 1913, I was invited dine at the house of a certain British neral in Mayfair, whose wife was a popu- hostess in pre-war days, and where one certain of meeting interesting people. s I expected, I found assembled a dozen so men and women whose names were as sehold words, as well as several foreign lomats. In those days, when warnings coming war passed unheeded, and we e all urged to sleep soundly in our beds administered unlimited doses of pro- man soothing-syrup, the smiling Teuton everywhere received in London society. ed, we were taught to believe that the ndship of the Kaiser and his "dear, d people" was deep and sincere.

That dinner-party was a merry and mem- ble one, and when the ladies had risen, breezy and military host introduced me an elegant, well-dressed German of about , with a pair of shrewd, deep-set eyes small moustache.

This is Doctor von Kuhlmann," said host. "And this," he added, introduc- a rather stouter and older man, typi- Prussian, "is our friend, Von Stumm." took a seat with the pair near the open dow, for it was warm and oppressive, the grey London twilight deepening a calm, still night.

on Kuhlmann, who was Councillor of Embassy at Carlton House Terrace, w, of course, that I was engaged with d Roberts in endeavouring to arouse country to a sense of its insecurity, and, m what he said, it was apparent that he read my warnings of the coming war.

"There Will Never Be War."

While Wilhelm August von Stumm, who his brother-in-law and chief of the so- ed "Anglo-American" section of the man Foreign Office, sat and listened, eminent diplomat assumed a rather ised attitude towards my patriotic rts.

"There never will be war, my dear Mr Queux!" he declared. "Surely you w us Germans well enough to believe in protestations of friendship?"

ventured to express doubt, whereupon became confident that the war cloud ld never arise, and that the Kaiser's in- ion was one of peace, a view shared t emphatically by the bureaucrat of the elmstrasse.

e can now estimate both these interest- gentlemen at their true value, for it is e plain that at that moment, when Wil- n Stumm — whose father had been a ble Westphalian blacksmith, and had n to wealth in the coal and steel indus- — was among us strenuously endeavour- with his brother-in-law "Cool-man," as name in German implies, to throw her dust into the eyes of Britain, both in secret of the feverish war prepara- being made night and day at Krupps' Ehrardt's, and at the Skoda Works at .

You are alarming your British public foolishly," Von Kuhlmann declared to and then, turning to a certain member he British Cabinet, whose feelings I will hurt by here naming him, he inquired opinion.

he Minister, who had held many high s, and still holds one, was, I knew, en- y opposed to Lord Roberts' propaganda. You are right," he declared to the Ger- , whose true character I intend here to al. "Le Queux is a scaremonger. He t never to have published his forecast invasion."

differed, and quoted a number of hard e truths which my companions could not te, after which we rose, and, laughing rily together, rejoined the ladies.

efore I left, Von Kuhlman took me aside e, and returned to the subject.

A Sinister Offer.

I have a number of English writers ng my friends," he said. "Cannot you ly believe in the Emperor's declarations, become a friend—instead of an enemy?" smiled, for I could see at once the drift he suggestion of that cunning diplomatic nt of the Kaiser. And, further, I knew to be pro-German in those days meant perity. Truly Von Kuhlmann was ful- g the "mission" entrusted to him by Imperial master, and few, indeed, sus- ted the sinister motive behind his care- air of irresponsible bonhomie.

s I walked home that night I fell to dering why such a suggestion had been e to me. I knew that both Von Kuhl- n and his chief, the German Ambassa- Prince Karl Lichnowski, had completely bodled official London, as well as ety, into a belief of the "no war with many" declaration.

ext day I told Lord Roberts of my curi- experience at the house of a British ral at War Office official. The grey- ed Field Marshal grew grave. Then he ed and uttered words that I have ever remembered:—

Ah! It is all deplorable! The Ger- s have fascinated us. Not until German iers set foot upon our British soil will slumbering public ever arouse them- s."

Supply German soldiers are not likely t foot upon our shores, notwithstanding solemn warning of General Sir Francis d the other day that an invasion is still within the bounds of possibility. Yet sometimes when one looks around even in this fourth year of war, one wonders if the public are yet thoroughly aroused.

From that moment to the present I have watched Doctor von Kuhlmann's meteoric career with considerable interest. Suspecting him of double-dealing, I set to work to inquire, and to watch in patience.

It was not long before I found that among recent arrivals in London, from Berlin, was a man who was one of von Kuhlmann's bosom friends. Under the assumed name of Otto Hirschberg he took bachelor rooms in Ryder Street, St James', and went daily to that side-door at the German Embasey which leads off the steps from the Duke of York's column and opens almost directly into what was von Kuhlmann's private room. Each time I pass that door nowadays I reflect upon the many traitors and spies who entered it before August, 1914, all working for the undoing of the British Empire.

The name of this fellow Hirschberg was, I discovered, Franz von Rintelen. I unearthed this truth while in Berlin. On several occasions on my return to London I contrived to meet him without him knowing my identity, for I had become a thorn in the side of His Excellency the German Ambassador and all his staff, more especially perhaps in the side of Richard von Kuhlmann, Knight-Commander of the Victorian Order—of which, let us hope, he is now deprived, even though Sir Edgar Speyer may still be one of His Majesty's Privy Councillors.

Now this fellow von Rintelen had, no doubt, been sent to London with a set purpose, as his movements in America after the outbreak of war plainly show. He was, I realised, when we met, a finished product of the Prussian mould, and there is no doubt that, clever and unscrupulous as he was, he had subordinated to the needs of the German Empire, his business, brains, and wealth—indeed, his very soul.

He had been ordered to London to back up von Kuhlmann's efforts to mislead our people into the belief that the Kaiser—already plotting desperately in secret against us—was nevertheless our dearest and sincerest friend.

Von Kuhlmann introduced the man Hirschberg everywhere. In a dozen houses in Park Lane, and in the houses of all the German financiers, this engaging gentleman, who bowed so charmingly over the ladies' hands, quickly became a well-known figure. I first met him at tea at the house of a certain South African magnate whose wife was, before the war, a "lion-hunter," and who always amused me on account of her astounding "push and go." She, like dozens of other smart women, was in ignorance of either of the real name or character of this handsome Herr von Hirschberg.

A Merry Game.

Von Kuhlmann and Von Rintelen played a merry game together in London. This engaging newcomer to London, who spoke English so well, and knew his way about, moved sometimes in the shadows of mystery, placed certain facts before that department placed certain facts gefore that dejartment at Whitehall which dealt with contra-espionage. The public were being daily bamboozled, and Ministers were telling us in the House that the Germans were our dear, good friends. Still, a certain little band of patriotic Britons, working upon their own initiative and paying their own expenses—of whom the late Lord Roberts was the head—were not deceived by any silvery-tongued assurances of such friendship. We all knew Germany—and we also knew the unspeakable German and his secret preparations.

War broke out, and our "friends" Von Kuhlmann and Von Rintelen promptly became our enemies, Kuhlmann, who was only the other day deploring publicly the failure of his "mission" to London, was sent by the Emperor to the city of his birth, Constantinople, there to juggle with the Turks, and embroil them against us; while the man known in London as Hirschberg was given a fresh "mission." This was to go to America and undertake, with the aid of Germany's agents there, the enormous task of isolating commercial and financial America as a base of supplies from Europe.

His efforts to serve his country in the United States, which have only just been fully revealed during the past week, disclose a most amazing system of espionage spread all over the States of our newest Ally. This vast network of spies he employed, using thugs, hiring renegade Americans, and setting in motion manifold plans for gigantic enterprises that involved the entire government of the industrial and financial organisations of the country. One of his coups was the sinking of the Lusitania, for which he was directly responsible.

But he was compelled to fly, his work unfinished, and a huge amount of money wasted, owing to the activities of two New York detectives, Bruce Bielaski and William Offley.

Silent Man of Mystery.

In the mass of reports collected by these two astute agents letters, telegrams, instructions to his secret agents and others, there is revealed the most astounding pictures of hidden forces, conspiracy, fraud, the purchase of strikes, bribery, perjury, forgery, and most of the many crimes in the calendar. In every one of them Von Rintelen looms as the silent man of mystery, the arch-plotter, the user of a hundred aliases, the Teutonic Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde.

This man, who shone in London as "the glass of fashion," and the right hand of Von

EXPELLED FROM HUNGARY.

EDICT AGAINST GERMAN FAMILIES.

(Specially Contributed.)

RELATIONS between Hungary and Germany are more than ever strained. The Hungarian Government has resolved that all Germans who cannot produce evidence that they are staying in the country on business will have to leave it in fourteen days' time. In Hungarian Government circles this rule is referred to as a "social measure" which had become necessary on account of the great influx of travellers for pleasure, who have caused a tremendous rise in the price of food and increased the housing difficulties.

To the great disgust of Hungarians, Austrian and German families have taken rooms in all the large hotels for many months in advance. They believe that they will have a better chance of being supplied with food this winter in Budapest than in Berlin or Vienna. The number of German families at present resident in the Hungarian capital is 1500.

The Frankfort Gazette comments on this new rule very adversely. "Should this rule really be enforced, it will create a very strange impression in Germany; also it will call forth in the enemy countries quite a wrong idea of relations between Hungary and Germany, and of the present situation in Budapest. It is only right to state that a great number of the German families in Budapest were living there even before war broke out, and, in any case, according to the contract made between that monarchy and Germany, every German who wishes may reside in Hungary."

Party Quarrels.

The fight of the Conservative and German Party against the Reichstag still continues, and arouses much discontent among the people. "Away with these party quarrels at a time like this," says the Vorwarts. "Face to face with the fact that our enemies are doing all they can to destroy Germany's future greatness we most strongly disapprove of the minor quarrels and differences of the Reichstag members. The German nation is not behind the present Reichstag. We demand union at home and continued fighting of our foes abroad to the end, that we may have the peace that Germany requires."

Half-Holidays to Save Heating Schools.

Owing to the coal scarcity, German school authorities are proposing all sorts of schemes to save heating. "The public schools are only to go in during the forenoon," says the Vorwarts, "so that the schoolrooms will just require heating once a day. To save gas during the dark winter months, it has been arranged that schools shall open half-an-hour later in the morning."

Life in Riga.

The Berliner Tageblatt reports: — "In Riga the usual routine of life has begun, except for the fact that the town still seems intoxicated with joy at the entrance of the German troops. Gay-coloured carpets and masses of flowers give the town a festive appearance. The people are buying and selling as usual, and joyful bands of citizens wander through the streets.

VON KUHLMANN—Continued.

Kuhlmann, is indeed one of the mysteries of the war. London society still remembers him. Who is he? In the underground world of spies and spying I have heard many strange rumours. Some have declared him to be a close relative of the Hohenzollerns; others have said that he is actually the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. But those who know him intimately—and they are few—say that he is the son of a former member of the Kaiser's Cabinet, and that he is really Von Rintelen.

At any rate, he is wealthy, being a Director of the Deutsche Bank, and also of the National Bank of Deutschland. He is one of a financial group who are the Emperor's financial advisers, his advisory sphere including Great Britain and her colonies. This man, who in the last phases of international peace, was sent to actively assist our "dear friend" Von Kuhlmann, and was, I have since ascertained, a captain-lieutenant in the German Navy, and was chosen by Von Tirpitz as one of his young men for definite work in the naval secret service before the war.

Captured by Our Secret Service.

It will, however, be a source of congratulation to readers to know that, owing to the astuteness of our own secret service—which, after all, is not slumbering so deeply as so many would have us believe—this Franz Von Rintelen was not long ago ferreted out of his cabin in a neutral ship on its way from New York to Sweden, and at the present moment this interesting and mysterious Hun is cooling his heels in a certain internment camp in the Midlands.

So important is he that, for his return to the Fatherland, the Kaiser has already offered to exchange any six prisoners whom the British Government may select!

Of "Cool-man" we hear at certain periods that he is engaged in a suspicious peace propaganda. He has of late been juggling with the Pope, and he is always the ridiculous puppet of the All-Highest. He is a man of great imagination, with amazing foresight, a complete mastery of detail, and without a single pang of conscience so long as his plans succeed—a typical Hun in all respects, even to his shrewd eyes and his cool head.

To his clever plotting is, no doubt, due the constant supply of food to Germany through neutral sources. Sometimes his speeches are ludicrous, and frequently he reveals himself as a German diplomatic buffoon, but undoubtedly he had before the war mapped out a plan for the destruction of Britain that was most remarkable for detail, scope, recklessness, and an utter disregard of the laws of God and man.

We shall hear more of Dr Richard Von Kuhlmann, and still more of Herr Franz Von Rintelen, alias Herr Otto Hirschberg, E. V. Gasche, George Samhaber, Walter Hipper, and many other aliases.

THE ATTACK ON OSTEND.

NAVAL CO-OPERATION WITH ARMY MAY HAVE DRASTIC SEQUEL.

By GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE).

London, Saturday Night.

EVENTS are moving rapidly in Northern France.

Though Sir Douglas Haig has been mainly occupied since Thursday in resisting desperate counter-offensives launched by the enemy to recover the important ground lost east of Ypres, we hear to-day of a bombardment of Ostend from the sea, which suggests the beginning of naval co-operation with the troops working round Ostend from the East. For no one can mistake the menace which the latest British advance constitutes to the enemy's defensive positions on the coast.

The entire ridge east of Ypres dominating the low-lying ground which separates us from Roulers and Lille is not yet in our possession. That object will not be attained until Zonnebeke, Gheluvelt, and the whole of the Polygon Wood are in our possession. But enough has been accomplished already to give the Germans cause for grave anxiety about the maintenance of their entire front in Flanders.

It is said truly enough that it is no local operation which Sir Douglas Haig launched at daybreak on Thursday. The strip on the Belgian coast which the Germans hold has become the key of their entire defensive system on the Western Front, and if only the weather holds good we may very speedily hear of big and even dramatic happenings in this arena of the struggle. For if the Gheluvelt and Passchendaele Ridges pass into our hands our guns will immediately command the important railway centre at Roulers.

Lille has always been regarded as the point which is essential to the enemy's maintenance of his positions in Western Belgium, but it is hardly exaggerating to say that Roulers is almost equally vital to the maintenance of his communications with the coast.

Sir Douglas Haig now occupies positions from which his attack may be developed in two directions either separately or simultaneously. There is the road from Ypres to Roulers, and there is the road from Ypres to Menin, along which the Polygone Wood constitutes the most difficult obstacle. The loss of Roulers, as already indicated, would gravely hamper the supply and reinforcement of the enemy's forces at Ostend. It is a large town and the centre of a whole network of roads and railways communicating both with Ostend and Zeebrugge.

The Importance of Menin.

The importance attaching to Menin is of a difficult kind. Its capture would deprive Roulers of communication with Lille, except by a circuitous route. Incidentally, or, perhaps, one should say primarily, it would loosen the enemy's grip both on Lille itself and on Roubaix.

One hesitates to speak of the future with any confidence, because of the lateness of the season. Every soldier knows the hopelessness of any big movement on the Flanders front if the ground is in the condition of a morass. No military commander who has ever breathed could fight against conditions such as these, and Sir Douglas Haig deserves the sympathy of everyone in the perplexing problem with which he has been struggling.

Those who talk about the need of a new Napoleon show an utter failure to grasp the realities of the situation. There has been a disposition in some quarters to criticise the Allied generals for not taking greater risks and for being too sparing of their manpower. One distinguished soldier has even gone the length of asserting that a clean break through might have been effected on the Verdun front three or four months ago if the French command had had sufficient reserves available to press home the attack and complete the defeat of the Crown Prince.

For many months past we have been testing the enemy's lines first here, now there, and wearing down the German strength. The limited offensives, as they are called, have been unfailingly successful. When the crucial moment does come our stroke will not lack driving power, and, as one soldier has expressed it, there will be no more hugger-muggering in the mud.

National Self-Analysis.

Past experience tells us that during the next few weeks the public mind will be very much occupied with that process of national self-analysis which puts such a severe test on the spirit of the average citizen. For the disposition always is to concentrate attention on our failures rather than on our successes.

Nevertheless, those whose duty it is to keep their fingers on the pulse of public opinion do not detect any suggestion of despondency in the country's heart beat, though the Man in the Street may not be prepared, perhaps, to take quite such an optimistic view of the outlook as is reflected in the very notable interview which General Smuts has accorded to one of the French journals.

General Smuts can hardly have expected even the French nation, to whom his remarks were more directly addressed, to accept too literally his assertion that the Germans have already been beaten. But it can hardly be challenged that the enemy, thanks in large measure to the Russian revolution, and to a lesser degree to the deplorable weather conditions on the Western front, have done very much better than anyone anticipated.

Circumstances have enabled them to evade thus far that crushing military defeat which at the beginning of the year it was confidently expected they would sustain before the summer campaign wore to a close. Germany is weakening visibly, and in that limited sense it may perhaps be maintained that she is beaten.

As General Smuts says, too, her ruling classes show some signs that they begin to recognise the handwriting on the wall. All the talk about the Kaiser renouncing his ambitions where Belgium is concerned may prove so much empty vapouring. But these stories are manifestly officially inspired, and no one can deny that a subtle change has come over Germany's attitude towards peace.

Germany's Defensive Role.

To what extent this alteration of tone is attributable to the fact that Germany holds at present much, if not all, that she set out to attain, is a question we assuredly should not lose sight of in examining the general war position. And it is not without significance that German soldiers and statesmen are insisting to-day that their country's role in the war henceforth must be a purely defensive one.

In this, perhaps, we have an explanation of Hindenburg's failure to take advantage of Russia's collapse. Von Hindenburg is essentially a man of the Eastern school, and the temptation to push forward from Riga, and commence a spectacular procession on Petrograd must have been almost irresistible to him

But it would have been bad policy, notwithstanding. It might have caused Russia to pull herself together, and it would have imposed a severe strain on Germany's weakening military resources. From the enemy's point of view an advance on Odessa would have much more to commend it than an advance on Petrograd. It would not be so spectacular, but it would place Germany in possession of the rich industrial districts of Southern Russia, would yield her many supplies of which she stands urgently in need to enable her to continue the war, and would render more remote than ever any possible menace to Constantinople.

It is conceivably possible that we may yet hear of activity in this direction, though if operations are undertaken against Odessa the indications are that it will be regarded by the German Higher Comand as a defensive rather than offensive movement. But General Cadorna's successful offensive on the Italian front has forced the Austrians to call back many divisions from the East, and it is doubtful at least whether Mackensen has more men under his command than is requisite for holding the Roumanians in check.

The writer is inclined to think that if the Germans attempt any new stroke between now and the opening of the Spring offensive of 1918 it will be a stroke directed against our continued possession of Bagdad. The Germans hold the corridor to the East; but of what use is that corridor if the end of it remains in British hands?

Watch Bagdad!

All Germany's dreams of dominion in the East are bound up in the possession of Bagdad. The pan-Germans are certain, therefore, to exercise all their influence to ensure a last desperate effort to recover this lost goal on the Tigris. It may be that this will constitute Germany's last gamble in the war. The possession of Bagdad would give her something very substantial to bargain with when peace negotiations are finally set on foot.

It is a matter of congratulation, therefore, that we have such a fine soldier as General Maude in command of the Bagdad Expeditionary Force. For if any real effort is to be made to force us back on to the Persian Gulf we may be assured that Germany will not be content to entrust such important work to Turkish arms. Picked German troops would almost certainly be employed, and the difference in the campaigning season would afford opportunity of withdrawing troops even from the Western front for an undertaking of this character.

German hopes in this direction doubtlessly take full account of the difficulties of General Maude's communications with the Persian Gulf. But difficulties in this respect should have been greatly lessened by now. We have had ample time to put down railways, and it is inconceivable that our authorities have been blind to the peril that threatens. After all that has happened in Mesopotamia one would not envy any British Government which neglected the precautions necessary to ensure our continued possession of the terminus of the Berlin-Bagdad railway.

And if General Maude's lines of communication are a weakness the enemy's own lines of communication, extending over half a Continent, will be infinitely more difficult to maintain. The Arabs are not friendly, and if Von Hindenburg contemplates a campaign against Bagdad, these raiding parties will be to him a constant source of anxiety.

GLASGOW CORPORATION TRAMWAYS.

War Comforts Tickets Series G.G.

The amount available for prizes out of sale of war comfort tickets for week ending 20th September is £350. The following is the result of the draw:—

1st prize, No. 17,345, ...	£80
2d prize, No. 62,422, ...	£70
3d prize, No. 8992, ...	£60
4th prize, No. 180,441, ...	£50
5th prize, No. 128,414, ...	£40
6th prize, No. 178,663, ...	£25
7th prize, No. 117,344, ...	£15
8th prize, No. 185,555, ...	£10
	£350

The holders of the tickets bearing the above numbers, who have the privilege of nominating the war fund to which they wish the relative amount to be sent, are requested to communicate with the General Manager before Monday, 24th inst.

Lutchester Shows Pamela His Hand.

The Girl From New York

A Tale of the Secret Service

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The Beginning of the Story.

Pamela Van Teyl, a beautiful American girl, is believed by

Oscar Fischer, an American millionaire of German origin, to be in possession of the stolen formula of a wonderful new explosive.

Nikasti, a Japanese, wants the formula for Japan, but

John Lutchester, a languid Englishman, whose sole interest appears to be sport, intervenes on Pamela's behalf when she is hard pressed by Fischer and the Jap.

Fischer believes that he has secured the formula, and that it is now in Germany. Nikasti is given a letter from the Kaiser, urging the Emperor of Japan to desert the Allies and attack America.

Lutchester succeeds in reading the letter. He tells the Jap that this is but a trick of Germany's, and says he will bring him evidence that will prove Germany's duplicity.

Fischer hires a ruffian to murder Lutchester, but the attempt ends in failure.

With the view of getting Senator Hastings (Pamela's uncle) to use his influence with the American President, on behalf of Germany, Fischer makes a proposal to Pamela. He promises an alliance with Germany against Japan if America changes her attitude towards the export of munitions.

"And the price?" Pamela asks.

CHAPTER XXVII (Continued).

"THAT America adopts our view as to the high seas traffic," Fischer replied. "This would mean the stopping of all supplies, munitions and ammunition from America to Britain. We offer you an alliance. We ask only for your real and actual neutrality for the remainder of the war. We offer a great and substantial advantage, a safeguard for your country's future, in return for what? Simply that America will pursue the course of honour and integrity to all nations."

"America," Pamela declared, "has never failed in this."

Fischer shrugged his shoulders.

"There is more than one point of view," he reminded her. "Will you take my message with you to Washington to-morrow?"

"Yes," Pamela promised, "I will do that. The rest of course, remains with others. I do not myself go so far, even," she added, "as to declare myself in sympathy with you."

"And yet," he insisted, with swift violence, "it is your sympathy which I desire more than anything in the world—your sympathy, your help, your companionship; a little—a very little at first—of your love."

"I am afraid that I am not a very satisfactory person from that point of view," Pamela confessed. "I have a great sympathy for every man who is really out for the great things, but so far as you are concerned, Mr. Fischer, or anyone else," she went on, after a moment's hesitation, "I have no personal feeling."

"That shall come," he declared.

"Then, please wait a little before you talk to me again like this," she said, rising and holding out her hand. "At present there is no sign of it."

"There is so much that I could offer you," he pleaded, gripping the hand which she had given him in farewell, "so much that I could do for your country. Believe me, I am not talking idly."

"I do believe that," she admitted. "You are a very clever man, Mr Fischer, and I think that you represent all that you claim. Perhaps, if we really do negotiate——"

"But you must!" he interrupted impatiently. "You must listen to me for every reason—politically for your country's sake, personally because I shall offer you and give you happiness and a position you could never find elsewhere."

For a moment her eyes seemed to be looking through him, as though some vision of things outside the room were troubling her. Her fingers had already touched the bell, and a servant was standing upon the threshold.

"We shall meet in Washington," Mr Fischer concluded, with the air of a prophet, as he took his leave.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was within half-an-hour of closing time that same afternoon when Lutchester walked into James Van Teyl's office. The young man greeted him with some surprise.

"Will you do some business for me?" Lutchester asked, without any preliminaries.

"Sure!"

"How many Anglo-French will you buy for me? I can obtain credit by cable to-morrow through any bank for twenty or thirty thousand pounds."

"You want to buy Anglo-French?" Van Teyl repeated softly.

His visitor nodded.

"Any news?"

Lutchester hesitated, and Van Teyl continued with an apologetic gesture.

"I beg your pardon. That's not my job, anyway, to ask questions. I'll buy you twenty-five thousand, if you like. Guess they can't drop much lower."

Lutchester sat down.

"Thank you," he said, "I will wait."

A ripple of excitement went through the office as Van Teyl started his negotiations. It seemed to Lutchester that several telephones and half a dozen perspiring young men were called into his service. In the end Van Teyl made out a note and handed it to him.

"I could have done better for you yesterday," he observed. "The market is strengthening all the time. There are probably some rumours."

A boy went by along the pavement outside waving a handful of papers. His cry floated through the open window:—

REPORTED LOSS OF MANY MORE GERMAN BATTLESHIPS.
BRITISH CLAIM VICTORY.

Van Teyl grinned.

"You got here just in time," he murmured, "but I suppose you knew all about this."

"I have known since three o'clock," Lutchester replied, "that all the reports of a German victory were false. You will find, when the truth is known, that the German losses were greater than the British."

"Then if that's so," Van Teyl remarked, "I've got one client who'll lose a hatful which you ought to make. Coming up town?"

"I should like, if I may," Lutchester said, "to be permitted to pay my respects to your sister."

"Why, that's fine!" Van Teyl exclaimed unconvincingly. "We'll take the subway up to Fifty-Seventh Street."

They left the office and plunged into the indescribable horrors of their journey. When they stepped out into the sunlit street in another atmosphere Van Teyl laid his hand upon his companion's arm in friendly fashion.

"Say, Lutchester," he began, "I don't know that you are going to find Pamela exactly all that she might be in the way of amiability and so on. I know these things are done on the other side, but here it's considered trying your friends pretty high to take a lady of Sonia's reputation where you are likely to meet your friends. No offence, eh?"

"Certainly not," Lutchester replied. "I was sorry, of course, to see you last night. On the other hand, Sonia is an old friend, and my dinner with her had an object. I think I could explain it to your sister."

"I don't know that I should try," Van Teyl advised. "For all her cosmopolitanism, Pamela has some quaint ideas. However, I thought I'd warn you, in case she's a bit awkward. . . ."

Pamela, however, had no idea of being awkward. She welcomed Lutchester with a very sweet smile, and gave him the tips of her fingers.

"I was wondering whether we should see you again before we went," she said. "We are leaving for Washington to-morrow."

"By the three o'clock train, I hope?" he ventured.

She raised her eyebrows.

"Why, are you going, too?"

"I hope so."

"I should have thought most of the munition works," she observed, "were further north."

"They are," he acknowledged, "but I have business in Washington. By the by, will you both come out and dine with me to-night?"

Van Teyl glanced at his sister. She shook her head.

"I am so sorry," she said, "but we are engaged. Perhaps we shall see something of you in Washington."

"I have no doubt you will," Lutchester replied. "All the same," he added, "it would give me very great pleasure to entertain you this evening."

"Why particularly this evening?" she asked.

He looked at her with a queer directness, and Pamela felt certain very excellent resolutions crumbling. She suffered her brother to leave the room without a word.

"Because," he explained, "I think you will find a different atmosphere everywhere. There will be news in the evening papers."

"News?" she repeated eagerly. "You know I am always interested in that."

"The reports of a German naval victory were not only exaggerated," Lutchester said calmly, "they were untrue. Our own official announcement was clumsy and tactless, but you will find it amplified and explained to-night."

Pamela listened with an interest which bordered upon excitement.

"You are sure?" she exclaimed.

"Absolutely," he replied. "My notification is official."

"So you think if we dined with you the atmosphere to-night would be different?" she observed, with a sudden attempt at the recondite.

Lutchester looked into her eyes without flinching. Pamela, to her annoyance, was worsted in the momentary duel.

"We cannot always choose our atmosphere," he reminded her.

"Mademoiselle Sonia is perhaps connected with the regulation of the munition supplies from America?"

"Mademoiselle Sonia," Lutchester asserted, "is an old friend of mine. Apart from that, it was my business to talk to her."

"Your business?"

Lutchester assented with perfect gravity.

"Within a day or two," he said, "now, if you made a point of it, I could explain a great deal."

Pamela threw herself into a chair almost irritably.

"You have the cult of being mysterious, Mr Lutchester," she declared. "To be quite frank with you, you seem to be the queerest mixture of any man I ever knew."

"It is the fault of circumstances," he regretted, "if I am sometimes compelled to present myself to you in an unfavourable light. Those circumstances are passing. You will soon begin to value me at my true worth."

"We had half promised," Pamela murmured, "to go out with Mr Fischer this evening."

"The more reason for my intervention," Lutchester observed. "Fischer is not a fit person for you to associate with."

She laughed curiously.

"People who saw you at the roof-garden last night might say you were scarcely a judge," Pamela retorted.

"People who did not know the circumstances might have considered me guilty of an indiscretion," Lutchester admitted, "but they would have been entirely wrong. On the other hand, your friend Fischer is a would-be murderer, a liar, and is at the present moment engaged in intrigues which are a most immoral compound of duplicity and cunning."

"I shall begin to think," Pamela murmured, "that you don't like Mr Fischer!"

"I detest him heartily," Lutchester confessed.

"I find him singularly interesting," Pamela announced, sitting up in her chair.

"I dare say you do," Lutchester replied. "Women are always bad judges of our sex. All the same, you are not going to marry him."

"How do you know he wants to marry me?" Pamela demanded.

"Instinct!"

"And what do you mean by saying that I am not going to marry him?"

"Because," Lutchester announced "you are going to marry someone else."

Pamela rose to her feet. There was a little spot of colour in her cheeks.

"Am I, indeed!" she exclaimed. "And whom, pray?"

"That I will tell you at Washington," Lutchester promised.

"You know his name, then?"

"I know him intimately" was the cool reply. "What about our dinner to-night?"

"We are going to dine with Mr Fischer," Pamela decided.

"I really don't think so," Lutchester objected. "For one thing, Mr Fischer will probably have to attend the police court again later on."

"What about?"

"For having hired a famous murderer to try and get rid of me," Lutchester explained suavely.

"Do you really believe that?" Pamela scoffed. "Why should he want to get rid of you? What harm can you do him?"

"I am trying to find out," Lutchester replied grimly. "Still, since you ask the question, the pocket-book which is on its way to Germany, and which I picked up when Nikasti was taken ill——"

"Oh, yes, I know about that!" Pamela interrupted. "That is the one thing that always sets me thinking about you. What did you do it for? How did you know what it meant to me?"

"Divination, I imagine," Lutchester answered, "or perhaps I was thinking what it might mean to Mr Fischer."

She looked at him, and her face was a study in mixed expressions. Her forehead was a little knitted, her eyes almost strained in their desire to read him; her lips were petulant.

"Dear me, what a puzzle you are!" she exclaimed. "All the same, I am going to wait for Mr Fischer. It doesn't matter whether one dines or sups. I suppose he will get away from the police court sometime or other."

"But any way," he protested, "you've heard all that Mr Fischer has to say. Now I, on the other hand, haven't shown you my hand yet."

"Heard all that Mr Fischer has to say?" she repeated.

"Certainly! Wasn't he here for several hours with you this afternoon? Didn't he promise you an alliance with Germany against Japan, if you could persuade certain people at Washington to change their tone and attitude towards the export of munitions?"

"This," she declared, trying to keep a certain agitation from her tone, "is mere bluff."

Lutchester was suddenly very serious indeed.

"Listen," he said, "I can prove to you, if you will, that it is not bluff. I can prove to you that I really know something of what I am talking about."

"There is nothing I should like better," she declared.

"To begin with, then," Lutchester said, "the pocket-book which Nikasti is supposed to have stolen from your room, the pocket-book of young Sandy Graham, which Mr Fischer has sent to Germany, does not contain the formula of the new explosive or any other formula that amounts to anything."

"Just how do you know that?" she demanded.

"To continue, Lutchester said, playing with a little ornament upon the mantelpiece, "you have an appointment—within half an hour, I believe—with Mr Paul Haskall, who is a specialist in explosives, having an official position with the American Government."

She had ceased to struggle any longer with her surprise. She looked at him fixedly, but remained silent.

"It is your belief," he proceeded, "that you are going to hand over to him the formula of which we were speaking."

"It is no belief," she replied. "It is a certainty. I took it from Graham's pocket."

Lutchester nodded.

"Good! Have you opened it?"

"I have," she declared. "It is, without doubt, the formula."

"On the other hand, I am here to assure you that it is not," Lutchester replied.

Her hand was tearing at the cushion by her side. She moistened her lips. There was something about Lutchester hatefully convincing.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "Is this a trick? You won't get it! No one but Mr Haskall will get that formula from me!"

Lutchester smiled.

"It will only puzzle him when he gets it! To tell you the truth, the formula is rubbish."

"I don't believe you," she said firmly. "If you think you are going to interfere with my handing it over to him, you are mistaken."

"I have no wish to do anything of the sort," Lutchester assured her. "Make a bargain with me. Mr Haskall will be here soon. Unfasten the little package you are carrying somewhere about your person, hand him the envelope, and watch his face. If he tells you what you have offered him is a coherent and possible formula for an explosive, then you can look upon me for ever afterwards as the poor, foolish person you sometimes seem to consider me. If, on the other hand, he tells you that it is rubbish, I shall expect you at the Ritz-Carlton at half-past eight."

There was a ring at the bell. She rose to her feet.

"I accept," she declared. "That is Mr Haskall. And, by the by, Mr Lutchester, don't order too elaborate a dinner, for I am very much afraid you will have to eat it all yourself. Now, au revoir," she added, as the door was opened in obedience to her summons and a servant stood prepared to show him out. "If we don't turn up to-night, you will know the reason."

"I am very hopeful," Lutchester replied, as he turned away.

CHAPTER XXIX.

At five-and-twenty minutes past eight that evening Lutchester, who was waiting in the entrance hall of the Ritz-Carlton, became just a little restless. At half-past his absorption in an evening paper, over the top of which he looked at every newcomer, was almost farcical. At five-and-twenty to nine Pamela arrived. He advanced to meet her down the lounge. Her face was inscrutable, her smile conventional. Yet she had come! He looked over her shoulder towards the men's coat-room.

"Your brother?"

"I sent Jim to his club," she said. "I want to have a real good talk with you, Mr Lutchester."

"I am very flattered," he told her, with real earnestness.

She vanished for a few moments in the cloakroom, and reappeared, a radiant vision in deep blue silk. Her hair was gathered in a coil at the top of her head, and surmounted with an ornament of pearls.

"You are looking at my head-dress," she remarked, as they walked into the room. "It is the style you admire, is it not?"

He murmured something vague, but he knew that he was forgiven. They were ushered to their places by a portly maitre d'hotel, and she approved of his table. It was set almost in an alcove, and was partially hidden from the other diners.

"Is this seclusion vanity or flattery?"

"As a matter of fact, it is rather a popular table," he told her. "We have an excellent view of the room, and yet one can talk here without being disturbed."

"To talk to you is exactly what I wish to do," she said, as they took their places. "We commence, if you please, with a question. Mr Fischer thought that he had the formula, and he hasn't. I could have sworn that it was in my possession—and it isn't. Where is it?"

"I took it to the War Office before I left Britain," he told her simply. "They will have the first few tons of the stuff ready next month."

"You!" she cried. "But where did you get it?"

"I happened to be first, that's all," he explained. "You see, I had the advantage of a little inside information. I could have exposed the whole affair if I had thought it wise. I preferred, however, to let matters take their course. Young Graham deserved all he got there, and I made sure of being the first to go through his papers. I'm afraid I must confess that I left a bogus formula for you."

"I had begun to suspect this," Pamela confessed. "You don't mind being put into the witness-box, do you?" she added, as she pushed aside the menu with a little sigh of satisfaction. "How wonderfully you order an American dinner!"

"I am so glad I have chosen what you like," he said. "And as to being in the witness-box—well, I am going to place myself in the confessional, and that is very much the same thing, isn't it?"

"To begin at the beginning, then—about that destroyer?"

"My mission over here was really important," he admitted. "I couldn't catch the Lapland, so the Admiralty sent me over."

"And your golf with Senator Hamblin? It wasn't altogether by accident you met him down at Baltusrol, was it?"

"It was not," he confessed. "I had reason to suspect that certain proposals from Berlin were to be put forward to the President either through his or Senator Hastings' mediation. There were certain facts in connection with them which I desired to be the first to lay before the authorities."

A further instalment will appear next week. Don't miss reading it!

Portrait of Mrs. GOFF, of Beeches [illegible] Saltney Ferry, near Chester, who [illegible]

"For five years I suffered great[illegible] ulcerated leg, which at one time was with open wounds from knee to [illegible] being as many as 21 wounds in [illegible] I tried all sorts of preparations [illegible] tended the Infirmary, but nothing [illegible] do me any good, and I was sent away [illegible] the Infirmary as incurable. [illegible] daughter saw Clarke's Blood Mixture [illegible] tised in a newspaper and read [illegible] and I decided to give it a trial. [illegible] the first lot was doing me good I [illegible] with it, and after having four bottles [illegible] was completely healed. All [illegible] some eight years ago, and I have [illegible] return of the trouble ever since."

Abscesses, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Gland Swellings, Eczema, Boils, Pimples, Sores, Eruptions, Piles, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, are all sure signs of blood impurity, calling for immediate treatment through the blood (outward [illegible] is of little use). For cleansing the blood of its impurities there is no other remedy as good as Clarke's Blood Mixture, which is why so many truly remarkable cures are to its credit. Pleasant to take, free from anything injurious. Ask for it and you get

Clarke's Blood Mixture

"EVERYBODY'S BLOOD PURIFIER"
Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per Bottle.

WHY SUFFER
WHEN
COUTTS' ACID
Quickly and Permanently Cures
RHEUMATISM,
LUMBAGO,
BRONCHITIS,
NERVOUSNESS,
SPINAL COMPLAINTS, etc.

The application is external, safe and simple, in accordance with the spinal treatment discovered by the late Francis Coutts of Aberdeen.

Coutts' Acid Cure, the never-failing family remedy, has a record of over 50 years. It has cured hundreds of thousands. It will cure you.

TRY IT.

Of all Chemists and Stores, Large Size, 2/6. Small Size, 1/6.

Explanatory Pamphlets with Testimonials Free.

F. COUTTS & SONS,
405 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

ABDINE

Fountain of Health

An "ABDINE" in the morning is the ideal way of creating and maintaining GOOD HEALTH.

Over 40 years' reputation as the best and safest Health Drink for all ages.

Sold Everywhere. Packets 2½d. Boxes (13 Packets) 1/-

"GET IT AT ANDERSON'S"

HAIR DYE, in Auburn, Blonde, Brown or Black Colours. SAFE and SURE. Bottles, 1/3 each.

HAIR RESTORER, Renews Grey or Faded Hair to its Natural Colour Gradually. Bottles, 1/3 each.

HAIR DESTROYER, to Remove Superfluous Hairs. Bots., 1/3 each.

JAMES ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE,
COMMERCIAL STREET, DUNDEE.
The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines at Wholesale Prices.

FREEMAN'S CUSTARD

There's nothing else quite so good.

DEVONSHIRE

SHOPPING BY POST

Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 2d per word.

COCHRANE'S HELP YOU

to start a business of your own. Make big profits selling genuine bargains. Drapery remnants, ready-made, handkerchiefs. Write for catalogue. Cochrane's Warehouse, 24 Victoria Buildings, Chichester.

REMNANTS.—We carry one of the largest stocks in the trade of all kinds of remnants and ends of goods. Also ready-mades and shop-soiled lots. Our price-list free. S. Andrew & Co., 50 St., Manchester. Established 20 years.

PERSONALITIES IN THE LIMELIGHT AND GOSSIP OF THE HOUR

Exclusively Written For "The Post Sunday Special."

Good Sport.

Mr John A. M'Millan, Kinvara, Dumbarton, has just won the bowling championship of the City of the Rock Club for the thirteenth time. I hope 'Mac' will not find the figure unlucky, but will carry off the honour again. In his day Mr M'Millan was a noted footballer, and his son, Hubert, is the clever Queen's Park forward.

Hearts in the Wee Counties.

The wee counties of Clackmannan and Kinross have demonstrated that their hearts are big if their size is diminutive. It is calculated that the average contribution per head of the population to war funds is 2s 6d. compared with 10d per head for the rest of Scotland.

"Some" Traveller.

A Canadian soldier tells me he has travelled all over Scotland with an official ticket which is inscribed—Elgin to France. In his days he did London, Elgin and the Highlands, Glasgow, the Borders, and Carlisle. A cheap if hustling trip!

Female Samson.

Penrhyn Bay has a woman on the pier who not only is an expert in catching passing hawsers in the foulest weather, but likes the heaviest luggage. Her strength is inexhaustible.

Could He Have Paid the Price?

A Dundee gentleman attending a Red Cross sale of work the other day purchased a fancy needleworked article. "A nice little surprise for the wife," he soliloquised, "there's something nice for you," he said on his return home. "Glad you think so," replied the wife. "It was a bit of my work. I took it to the Red Cross sale." Now, the gentleman had paid a fancy price for this fancy article. It has not transpired whether he was satisfied with his bargain.

Home in Dunrobin.

The Duchess of Sutherland, who is spending some weeks at Dunrobin, is very actively engaged in raising funds for providing comforts for Highland prisoners of war. Her tastes lead her more to country than town life, and she is never happier than when, clad in the dark Sutherland tartan, she can roam over the wide, windy moors of her Highland home. She is Mistress of the Robes, as were her husband's grandmother and great-grandmother each in her turn.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

No fewer than 8000 soldiers have been assisting farmers throughout Scotland.

"Money for Nothing."

Some munition workers Motherwell way could be doing with a Royal visit every week. Among them are the special "one-day-only-police," who were paid at time and-half rates to guard the approaches of the works from too fervent and inquisitive Royalty worshippers.

"Rabbie" and a Hun Enthusiast.

A Fife laddie in the Black Watch relates that a raiding party recently surprised a German studying in a dugout a copy of Burns' poems. Perhaps he was trying to get the exact meaning of the couplet—

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oorsel's as ithers see us

The Painter's Problem.

The humble apostrophe is frequently a source of worry to a certain type of painter. Last week I noticed in a Glasgow street the inscription "Ladie's Tailor" on a shop frontage, the antique style of the first word having a quite attractive appearance. Another knight of the brush—or perhaps the same?—in a restaurant a few streets away has rather cleverly evaded the difficulty in the words "Ladies' Room" by placing the possessive sign directly over the "s"!

The Laird of Leckie.

As a member of the Central Appeal Tribunal, Sir George Younger, Bart., at present staying at Leckie, his Stirlingshire seat, is kept pretty well occupied. He has the reputation of being one of the most popular members of the House of Commons. In the hall of Leckie House are hung the original signed prints of about a dozen cartoons of the first members of the Marlborough Club. They are the work of M. Pellegrini, the famous Italian caricaturist.

High Post for Cameron Officer.

Brigadier-General J. D. Maclachan, D.S.O., just appointed Military Attaché at Washington, U.S.A., is one of the best-known of Cameron Highlander officers. General Maclachlan saw a great deal of military and diplomatic service abroad. In command of a Cameron battalion at the outset of war, he was severely wounded in September, 1914, was twice mentioned in despatches, and received the D.S.O.

What the Germans Would Like To Know!

Met Henry de Halsalle the other day. He has jumped off into the limelight in the past two years as a writer, and previous to that he did a lot of investigating for a European Power. What he does not know of the German Secret Service is not worth knowing. The Germans would give a lot to learn how he got his information. I can tell them this without giving anything away—he got it under their very noses.

Harnessing Highland Lochs.

The once dreaded water horse or kelpie is in danger of being decisively banished from Highland lakes and tarns. A scheme whereby the waters of Loch Awe, Loch Laggan, and Loch Treig will be utilised for industrial purposes has just been prepared, and is being considered by a Government Committee. It is stated that the amount of water running waste in the country of the clans would generate sufficient electricity to light all the houses and streets and drive all the machinery in the whole of Scotland.

Two Qualities.

"Lochfyne herring, 14 for 3d, 2½d each," was the puzzling cry of a hawker in the street of a Clydeside town the other day. The explanation was that there were two qualities. There must have been "some" difference in their age!

Flag Wrong Side Up.

Be careful how you hoist a flag. I saw one flag — a large Red Ensign — hoisted "wrong side up" in Glasgow this week, thereby spelling out the sailor's distress signal

A "Challenge" to Charlie.

Saw the first of the new Max Linder comedy films in Glasgow this week. The Essanay people are to try to boost the French comedy actor to the heights of Charlie Chaplin popularity, and have certainly made a good start with "Max Goes to America."

A Reasonable Demand.

As the schools have resumed the same old wail has gone up from harassed parents regarding the too frequent scrapping of school books. In these days when economy is being preached from the housetops it does seem a reasonable demand that school books should be as uniform as possible.

Lady Douro.

Photo by Lafayette.

The Marchioness of Douro, whose husband is the Duke of Wellington's son and heir. She is a younger daughter of Baron Glentanar, a director of Messrs J. & P. Coats, of Paisley.

Good Sports!

As good sportsmen the Australian soldiers are pretty keen on football, and they have their heroes among our Scottish players. Chief among these is M'Menemy, the Celts' dandy forward, who is daily sought out by bands of Colonials anxious to "shake" with a personality. They tell me that in an Australian bar they do not ask for Johnnie Walker, but Bobbie Walker!

A Grand Old Man.

It has been mainly through the exertions of the motoring veteran, Sir J. H. A. Macdonald (Lord Kingsburgh), that the Scottish Automobile Club has just received official permission to incorporate the prefix "Royal" in its title. He has long been president of the Club, and only two years ago drove a motor car all the way from London to Edinburgh in the dead of winter. He was then in his eightieth year.

Dundee's Lead.

Dundee leads the van again. That city claims to be the first to employ women school attendance officers!

Returned to Inverness.

The Earl and Countess of Portsmouth, who have been making a short stay in town, have returned to Guisachan, Inverness, where they will be for a few weeks.

The Ratho Smash.

I hear that the engine-driver, Moffat, who was severely injured in the Ratho smash, has undergone no less than six operations, but notwithstanding he is making as good progress as can be expected.

Good Value for Their Money.

I am told that Scotch tweeds are to be much dearer this season in London. But the Londoners don't mind paying extra—they know they will get a good thing.

Tommy as Beauty Judge.

Glasgow is noted for its nice girls, but if you want to see some of the city's most fascinating flappers be sure and attend the beauty show which the Meat Traders are organising at the week-end. A jury of twelve limbless heroes are to act as judges.

Sir George Alexander's Recovery.

Sir George Alexander, who is at Chorley Wood, is decidedly better, and will probably be acting again before the close of the year. He was educated at the High School, Stirling, and has always retained a warm side for that historic burgh.

Rapid Promotion.

Lieutenant John Kelly, a Hunter's Quay man, has just been promoted to a captain in the Black Watch on active service. Prior to enlisting he was working as a joiner in Glasgow. Early in the war he was with the cavalry in France, and gained his commission in the field for valour. As late as June last he won the Military Cross.

A Splendid Shot.

The Earl of Eglinton is spending the autumn at Benmore, Mull, one of the nicest shootings in Argyllshire. The mountain, which forms its principal feature, is the highest in the district, and exhibits a beautiful outline, which is often said to resemble that of Vesuvius. Lord Eglinton is a splendid shot, and each season his Hebridean preserve yields him about 30 stags and 150 brace grouse

"An Unpoetical Job."

Mr H. M. Cadell of Grange, who has just published a volume of spirited war poetry, is possessed of many interests, chiefly of a scientific nature. He tells me that his main occupation just now is presiding over the deliberations of the West Lothian Food Production Committee—"rather an unpoetical job," as he jestingly adds. He is descended from William Cadell, one of the three founders of Carron Iron Company.

Harry Lauder's Million.

Scotland's greatest comedian must have been highly gratified by the magnificent reception accorded him in St Andrew's Halls. There was a wonderfully fine spirit in the gathering, which must have demonstrated to Harry that he has the Scottish people behind him in his splendid endeavour to raise his million on behalf "o' oor ain laddies." It now remains for every one of us who admire "H. L."—and who does not?—to help his scheme in the most practical way. Do not forget that the Bank of Scotland, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London, will be pleased to acknowledge all cheques forwarded for the Harry Lauder £1,000,000 fund!

Yesterday's Striking Pageant.

At attractive feature of yesterday's pageant, "Women — Past, Present, and Future," carried out under the auspices of the Meat Trade in Glasgow, was the tableau of the Allies produced under the direction of Mrs Stewart, the wife of ex-Bailie John Stewart, of Partick. Another prominent figure in the enterprise was Mrs George Anderson, whose photo you have here.

Photo by Lafayette

"Footed It" Round Island of Arran.

The new Deacon of the Incorporation of Coopers in Glasgow is Mr Thomas Kerr, a well-known business man. He has some reputation as a pedestrian, and takes credit for having "footed it" round the Island of Arran. Mr Kerr is a native of Seestu.

The House of Collins.

Greenock's M.P., Colonel Godfrey Collins, who has just been made a C.M.G. (which is short for a Companionship of the Order of St Michael and St George), finds time, despite his many extra official duties, to look after the great publishing business with which the name of Collins has for many generations been associated.

The "Munition Piano."

People who credit the story of the munition workers' riches leading to a boom in pianos might find support for their belief in the fact that six men were struggling with a gigantic new safe in Sauchiehall Street one day last week. At anyrate, the destination of the bullion receptacle was a well-known Glasgow piano warehouse, and the men found the task of getting it indoors quite a "weighty" problem.

EMPIRE THEATRE,
GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
VIOLET VANBRUGH,
In a New and Original Playlet,
"THE WOMAN OF THE WINDOW SILL."
MARIE DAINTON. MARY LAW.
AND VARIETIES.
MATINEE, TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
'Phone—3731 Douglas.

COLISEUM,
GLASGOW.
TWICE NIGHTLY—6.55 and 9.
DR ROYAL RONFORD,
The Eminent Anglo-American Exponent of the Wonders of Electricity, as Applied in Various Extraordinary Manners.
A Show Full of Sensation and Thrills.
Supported by All-Star Vaudeville Company.
Box Office, 11 to 4 and 6 to 9.30.
'Phones 230 South, 1501 Central.

THEATRE ROYAL,
GLASGOW.
MONDAY, 24th Sept.
6 NIGHTS at 7.15; MATINEE, SAT., at 2.
MR MARTIN HARVEY.
On MON., TUES., and FRI. EVENINGS and SAT. MATINEE—"ROSEMARY."
WED. and THURS.—"A CIGARETTE MAKER'S ROMANCE."
SAT. EVENING—"DAVID GARRICK."

LA SCALA,
'PHONE 384. 30 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUESDAY WEDNESDAY,
September 24, 25 26.
FANNY WARD in
"YEARS OF THE LOCUST."
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY,
September 27, 28, 29.
LENORE ULRICH in
"THE INTRIGUE."
NOTE.—MONDAY, October 1st.—LA SCALA WILL BE OPEN FROM 11 a.m.

KING'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY, 6.45 and 9.
MONDAY, Sept. 24, 1917.
THE MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS,
"THE MARRIAGE MARKET,"
From Daly's Theatre, London.
SPECIAL LONDON COMPANY.
ORIGINAL SCENERY. FULL CHORUS.
Box Office, 11 to 4, 6 to 10. 'Phone 1930.

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE, SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
MON., TUES., and WED.
"SILAS MARNER,"
From the Novel by George Eliot.
Also, NELL CRAIG and RICHARD TRAVERS in a Comedy-Drama,
"IN A LOOKING GLASS."
THURS., FRI., and SAT.
Triangle Drama,
"THE BUGLE CALL."

ELECTRIC THEATRE, Nethergate, DUNDEE.
Continuous from 2.30 to 10.30.
WEEK COMMENCING 24th Sept.
Showing Mon., Tues., and Wed. — "THE SCARLET SIN," Red Feather Photoplay, in 6 Acts. Also, OFFICIAL WAR OFFICE FILM, 2 Reels. Showing Thur., Fri., and Sat.—Pauline Frederick in "LYDIA GILMORE," Famous Players Production, in 4 Acts. Also, TRAGEDY OF THE ORIENT, Realistic Japanese Drama, in 2 Acts.
Coming Monday, 1st Oct.—Valentine Grant in DAUGHTER OF M'GREGOR, Famous Players Production, in 4 Reels.

PERFECT LEATHER STITCHER

Perfect Automatic Lockstitch Awl for quickly and strongly sewing all Leather and Canvas—Harness, Boots, Belts, Bags, Tents, &c.—perfect Lockstitch as sewing machine but stronger. Save money, do own repairs. Simple to use. Necessity in every home and workshop. Complete with straight and curved blades and thread, 3/3 (postage 3d). Extra waxed thread, 7½d per skein, 3 for 1/9. Send at once. Instructions with Stitcher.—PENN AWL WORKS, 142-144 Cottenham Road, London, N.19. 3/3

to Cleanse Poisons from the Liver

WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW.

To feel perfectly fit, we must keep the liver clean, to prevent its sponge-like cells from clogging with indigestible matter, sour bile, and poisonous toxins.

If you get headache, it's your liver. If you wake up with a bad taste, furred tongue, nasty breath, or your stomach becomes rancid, it's your liver. Sallow skin, muddy complexion denote liver uncleanliness. Your liver is the most important, also the most abused and neglected, organ of the body. Few know its functions, or how to use the dammed-up body waste, bile, and poisons. Most people, so to speak, bombard the liver by taking purging drugs which upset the stomach and bowels in a weakened condition.

Every man or woman, sick or well, should this time of the year take a Cazo tablet, followed by a drink of water, at bedtime, to cleanse the liver and bowels, and thus freshen and freshen the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

A Cazo tablet will give you the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. Cazo tones up the bowels and makes you feel fit. These little tablets are sold at all chemists, and may also be obtained from the D. J. Little Co., 38 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1, for 1s 3d post free.

EVERYTHING FOR YOUR CYCLE

3/

Outer Covers (guaranteed) from 3s 9d each; Inner Tubes, from 1s 11d each. Second Hand Cycles, from 30s. Large stock of Chains, Free Wheels, Saddles, Pedals, Inflators, Lamps, Bells, Handle Bars, Brakes. WE WILL BUY YOUR OLD CYCLE. BROWN CYCLE CO., LTD., 168 Buchanan St., GLASGOW.

TOBACCO HABIT EASILY CONQUERED.

A well known business man has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit can be easily banished in three days without return of the craving. Edw. J. Woods, Ltd., 10 Norfolk Street (628 TJ), London, W.C.2, will send the book and circulars free on request.

The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calm, natural sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion; manly vigour, strong memory, and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reputed. And that nervous feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette, or chewing tobacco to gratify the morbid desire.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS

APPEARING IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1) Miss Mary Law at the Glasgow Empire. (2) Miss Gracie Sinclaire in "the Maid of the Mountains," at the King's Theatre, Glasgow. (3) Miss Peggy Hope in "The Marriage Market," at the King's Theatre, Dundee. (4) Miss Phyllis Dare (photo by Rita Martin) at the Glasgow Alhambra. (5) The Dainty Danes at the Edinburgh Empire. (6) Mr Martin Harvey as Sir Jaspar, in "Rosemary," at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

GLASGOW CUP—Semi-Final.

CELTIC,	0	RANGERS,	3
PARTICK THISTLE,	1	THIRD LANARK,	0

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

AYR UNITED,	1	CLYDE,	3
QUEEN'S PARK,	3	CLYDEBANK,	1
HIBERNIAN,	3	AIRDRIEONIANS,	1
MORTON,	3	HAMILTON ACAD.,	0
MOTHERWELL,	1	KILMARNOCK,	1
FALKIRK,	4	HEARTS,	0
ST MIRREN,	2	DUMBARTON,	1

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

Lancashire Section.

BURNLEY,	0	EVERTON,	5
STOCKPORT CO.,	6	BLACKBURN R.,	0
SOUTHPORT C.,	2	BURSLEM P. V.,	4
OLDHAM ATH.,	0	MANCHESTER C.,	0
BURY,	2	BLACKPOOL,	1
MANCHESTER U.,	1	ROCHDALE,	1
LIVERPOOL,	6	BOLTON WAN.,	0
STOKE,	4	PRESTON N.E.,	0

Midland Section.

NOTTS FOREST,	3	SHEFFIELD WED.,	1
BRADFORD,	1	LINCOLN CITY,	0
LEICESTER FOSSE,	4	HUDDERSFIELD T.,	1
SHEFFIELD U.,	2	ROTHERHAM C.,	0
BARNSLEY,	4	GRIMSBY TOWN,	0
LEEDS CITY,	4	BRADFORD CITY,	0
HULL CITY,	1	NOTTS COUNTY,	2

London Combination.

MILLWALL,	2	WEST HAM U.,	3
CHELSEA,	3	BRENTFORD,	1
TOTTENHAM H.,	1	THE ARSENAL,	2
Q.P. RANGERS,	4	CRYSTAL PALACE,	1
CLAPTON ORIENT,	1	FULHAM,	5

EASTERN LEAGUE.

DUNDEE,	2	DUNFERMLINE A.,	1
ARMADALE,	0	COWDENBEATH,	1
EAST FIFE,	0	DUNDEE HIBS,	1

WESTERN LEAGUE.

DUMBARTON HARP,	3	ABERCORN,	1
ALBION ROVERS,	2	JOHNSTONE,	1
VALE OF LEVEN,	2	ARTHURLIE,	3
RENTON,	1	STEVENSTON U.,	3

S.J.F.A. WAR FUND GAME.

LARKHALL THISTLE, 1 (Kelly); BELLSHILL ATH., 2 (Mountenay 2). Drawings, £25—At Hamilton.

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP—First Round.

YOKER ATHLETIC, 0; KIRKINTILLOCH ROB ROY, 1 (Whyte).
CARDONALD, 0; PORT-GLASGOW JUNIORS, 2 (Leslie and Allan).
DUNFERMLINE JUNIORS, 0; HEARTS OF BEATH, 0.
KILBARCHAN, 0; RENFREW JUNIORS, 2.

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

BENBURB, 0; PARKHEAD, 2 (M'Farlane 2).
PETERSHILL, 1 (R. M'Donald); PERTHSHIRE, 1 (A. Stewart).
GLENCAIRN, 1 (Greig); VALE OF CLYDE, 1 (M'Culloch).
SHETTLESTON, 0; CAMBUSLANG RANGERS, 2 (Marie and Cumming).
POLLOK, 2 (Kennedy and M'Nab); ASHFIELD, 2 (Smith and G. Miller).
CLYDEBANK, 1 (Johnston); MARYHILL, 2 (Lochhead and Grainger).

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

OATLANDS, 0; BURNBANK ATH., 6.
ST ANTHONY'S, 5 (Bowie, Bowers, Burns 2, and M'Donald); KILSYTH EMMET, 0.
BEDLAY, 1; ST MIRREN JUNIORS, 0.
KILSYTH RANGERS, 5 (Aitchison 2, M'Cormack 2, and Taylor); TOWNHEAD CELTIC, 0.
NEILSTON VIC., 2 (Murphy and Paterson); CROY CELTIC, 0.
ST PAUL'S UNITED, 1 (M'Callion); GLENBOIG CAMERONIANS, 1 (Centre).

LOTHIANS JUNIOR LEAGUE.

H.M.S. TYNE, 3; WINCHBURGH VIOLET, 1.
QUEENSFERRY ATHLETIC, 1; ROYAL ENGINEERS, 3.
BATHGATE JUNIORS, 3; LEITH BENBURB, 2.

IRVINE AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

ARDEER THISTLE, 1 (M'Kenzie); STEVENSTON THISTLE, 4 (Keenan 2, Northcote, and Cunningham).

LANARKSHIRE LEAGUE.

MORNINGSIDE THISTLE, 0; CLELAND, 1 (Dollan).
STRATHAVEN CALEY, 1 (Jennings); BLANTYRE CELTIC, 1 (Smith).
SHOTTS UNITED, 2 (Quigley and Beaton); LAW VOLUNTEERS, 2 (Graham 2).

ABERDEEN AND DISTRICT AMATEUR LEAGUE.

LINKSFIELD, 4; AULTON ROVERS, 1.
CHARLES LYONS' 2; DUTHIE'S, 1.
STRATH ENGINEERING CO., 3; JOHN LEWIS & SONS, 1.
DEPOT GORDON HIGHLANDERS, 4; CARLTON 3.
HENDERSON'S WORKS, 6; BROADFORD WORKS, 2.
GORDON HIGHLANDERS, 4; AL. RUSSELL & CO., 0.
GLENWOODIE, 2; ROSE ATHLETIC, 1.
A. HALL & CO., 6; FERRYHILL, 1.
HILTON, 11; GORDON HIGHLANDERS BAND BOYS, 1.

QUEEN'S STROLLERS, 1; EDINBURGH ENGINEERS, 1—At Irvine.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Morton,	6	4	1	1	13	5	9
Motherwell,	6	3	0	3	14	7	9
Celtic,	4	4	0	0	12	4	8
Kilmarnock,	6	3	2	1	11	4	7
Rangers,	4	3	1	0	8	4	6
Queen's Park,	5	3	2	0	12	10	6
Dumbarton,	6	2	2	2	7	7	6
Clyde,	5	3	2	0	12	7	6
Airdrieonians,	6	3	3	0	10	12	6
Hearts,	6	3	3	0	4	12	6
Partick Thistle,	6	2	1	3	6	5	5
St Mirren,	6	2	3	1	9	10	5
Falkirk,	6	2	3	1	8	11	5
Hamilton Acad.,	6	2	3	1	7	13	5
Third Lanark,	5	1	3	1	10	11	3
Clydebank,	6	1	4	1	5	12	3
Ayr United,	6	1	4	1	5	12	3
Hibs,	6	1	5	0	3	10	2

EASTERN LEAGUE

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Dundee,	5	3	1	1	12	6	7
Cowdenbeath	5	3	1	1	10	7	7
Raith Rovers,	5	2	2	1	6	4	5
Armadale	5	2	2	1	10	6	5
Dunfermline Ath.,	5	2	3	0	9	12	4
East Fife,	5	2	3	0	3	11	4
Dundee Hibs.	6	2	4	0	7	13	4

WESTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Stevenston United,	6	5	1	0	16	5	10
Albion Rovers,	6	4	1	1	13	8	9
Dumbarton Harp,	6	3	2	1	13	9	6
Renton,	5	3	2	0	7	7	6
Vale of Leven,	6	2	3	1	9	8	5
Johnstone,	6	1	3	2	8	17	4
Arthurlie,	5	1	3	1	8	12	3
Abercorn,	6	1	4	1	5	13	3

40,000 VIEW THE VANQUISHING OF THE SCOTTISH CHAMPIONS.

SPECIAL CRITICISM OF THE TIES AT PARKHEAD AND FIRHILL.

ALL THE LEADING LEAGUE GAMES RACILY REVIEWED.

RANGERS, 3; CELTIC, 0.

The Rangers romped into the Glasgow Cup Final. Celtic hadn't a shot in their locker; they were weak on the wings at half-back; Rangers beat them in pace and precision. That sums up the champions' defeat and the Light Blues' victory. It was only a middling game—just a ding-dong Cup-tie—contested in good spirit, notwithstanding the very keen rivalry between the clubs.

The crowd rolled up in tens of thousands, and when the teams lined up the number of onlookers was nigh 40,000 strong. A high gusty wind swept the arena from the city end. Sergt. Brown made his first appearance for Rangers this season, Sergt. Gordon was at right half again, and Cairns played at inside left, Muirhead standing down. Celtic played their two new captures, Cringan as pivot and Jackson supporting Browning instead of M'Menemy, who was injured in the Thistle match.

THE GAME.

Celtic began against the wind, and were first to be dangerous, Gallagher and M'Atee working along the right. Manderson staved off the attack, which was repeated instantly, the right back again saving a somewhat critical situation. Celtic came on once more by the right. The ball was adroitly centred, and M'Coll shot promptly, the ball going wide by just a foot or two. M'Nair beautifully repelled a Rangers invasion, and Gallagher swung in a grand thing from the touch line, which Gordon got rid of in a hurry. Then Brown filled the eye with a characteristic effort. He got the ball well out on the left, and, cutting in, slipped M'Nair, and planted the ball to Archibald. He was practically unmarked, but he shot wildly from comparatively short range. The pace was quite hot, with the players showing some excitement. Celtic were the more methodical, and, keeping the ball low, they menaced oftener. Manderson conceded a corner following a pretty forward movement led by Gallagher.

At the other end Cairns called upon Shaw, who cleared cleverly. Gordon, Bowie, and Archibald carried the ball along, the winger crossing right in front of goal. Brown looked like scoring, for he had M'Nair beaten, but Shaw chipped in sensationally and took his side out of a very ugly corner. Blair was repeatedly in difficulties with the Celtic right, and again and again Manderson went successfully to his aid. A corner to Rangers, forced by Archibald, levelled up matters, but the Light Blues were not making the most of the breeze. Cringan never left Brown.

THE RANGERS' GOAL.

Then the Light Blues forced another corner, and on the top of it came a close, persistent attack on the Celts' goal. Shaw was busy as a bee, and did capital work, with his backs harried and worried by the Ibrox five. Gallagher at last showed the road west, and he ripped in a beauty which brought Hempsey to his knees. The pace became hotter, and the game swung to and fro, Celtic battling bravely against the wind. Cringan saved on the goal line, with Shaw's vision obscured, and Shaw rapped away first a centre by M'Dermid and then a tip shot by Brown. Blair was injured and retired behind his goal for treatment. Celtic seized upon his temporary absence to make a strong attack, but M'Atee's shooting was wild as the wind, and M'Dermid went along splendidly from the goal kick, thrusting past Wilson and M'Nair, and finishing with a low, swift shot which found Shaw safe as the bank.

Ten minutes to go, and the Rangers were doing all the pressing. The Celtic forwards, with the exception of Gallagher and M'Atee, were quiet, and the line was below par. Heavy work was thrown upon the home defence, and had Rangers swung the ball about instead of tip-tapping it from man to man there is no saying what might have happened. Close on the interval, however, the Light Blues managed to draw blood. Gordon, Cairns, and Bowie each took a foot in the leading up work, and the ball going out to Archibald, that player smote it strongly and surely, and it whizzed into the near corner of the net, with Shaw making a futile effort to stop it. Thus the Rangers led 1-0 at the interval.

CELTIC OUTPLAYED.

The wind was not so strong as in the first half, but it was still a useful ally. A fine wide pass by Bowie to Archibald enabled Rangers to get another corner. This was so admirably placed by the winger that Shaw was only able to hand out the ball toward Cairns, who, with a brilliant hitching shot, drove it into the net at a terrific rate. Barely four minutes had gone, and with a comfortable lead of two goals the Light Blues played with increased confidence, and Brown had hard lines with a rattling header, Shaw getting rid of the ball somewhat luckily. Celtic were disappointing their followers. Truth to tell, they were not at their best. M'Menemy's genius was much missed, and the attack, up against a strong and now all-confident defence, was out-manœuvred. Nor was Celtic's mid line up to the mark. The wing halves were poor, and this was in large measure the cause of the champions falling off; for with the backbone of the side weak at the ends, their back and forward divisions suffered. Time fled, and, flying, the Celtic's chances of even a draw became more and more remote. Hempsey did not get much to do, his backs and halves accounting for most of the home assaults. Shaw, in comparison, had a lively time. Rangers piled on a sixth corner, the fourth of the period, and with fifteen minutes to go the Ibrox men looked all over the winners, and were full value for their position. Brown bored away on his own, with Dodds at his heels, and M'Nair lumbering behind. Shaw came out to meet Brown, who, between the keeper and the back, was robbed on the goal line. A brace of abortive corners to Celtic was the best they could do. Then, to put the hat on the discomfiture of the Celts, Brown, in the last minute of the game, scored the best goal of the match, and Rangers ran into the final by three clear goals.

Celtic have not played so poorly for a long time. They began well enough, but were finally fought almost to a standstill. They were but a shadow of the great Celtic, and fell an easy prey to the men from Ibrox, who, though they had the bigger bit of the luck, were distinctly the finer side—a side that improved as the game proceeded, and played better against the wind than with it. Shaw was sound, M'Nair was brainy, but the speed of the opposition often found his weakness. Dodds was fair, with Cringan easily the pick of the middle line. Gallagher and M'Atee were good in the first half, but in the second were no better than their mates, who were outplayed for most of the game. Jackson was not a success, and Wilson and Brown, the wing halves, must be written down as failures. Rangers have not played better this season. Hempsey had only one decent shot to save. Manderson took the honours at back. Gordon and Dixon smashed up the Celtic van. Bowie, Brown, and Cairns were the outstanding men in a swift, virile attack, which did not take all the advantages possible from the weakness of Celtic's intermediate line.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and Dodds; Wilson, W. Cringan, and Brown; M'Atee, Gallagher, M'Coll, Jackson, and Browning.
Rangers—Hempsey; Manderson and Blair; Gordon, A. Dixon, and Pursell; Archibald, Bowie, Sergeant Brown, Cairns, and M'Dermid.

THISTLE'S LUCKY WIN.

PARTICK THISTLE, 1; 3d LANARK, 0.

Partick Thistle were just a shade lucky to defeat Third Lanark, at Firhill, in the Glasgow Cup tie. A splendid goal shot by Marshall midway through the first half sealed the fate of the Cathkin team. It is not often M'Lean misses a penalty. Davie failed to convert for "hands" in the second half, and that when Third's were leading on corners. But Ferguson was well worthy of the ovation in tipping M'Lean's rocket shot over the bar, when the Third's supporters were getting ready to cheer.

THE PLAY.

It was not a brilliant game. There was plenty of the long swinging tactics, which sometimes pay and sometimes don't. The open game did not help Cathkin chances to further fortification in the ties. Thistle's half-backs may be said to have won the game. A worrying trio, with little M'Mullan the dandy of the lot, they never allowed the Third's forwards to settle down to their usual game. M'Lean was rarely allowed time to shoot. Had the Third's rear played, with the dash and fearlessness of Dod Steven, the old Dundee forward, and John Stirling, the ex-Clyde right winger, Thistle would have been crushed. But as a line the Cathkin lot proved a fairly easy prey to the worrying tactics of the Firhill mid line.

When Thistle scored the only goal of the tie no one expected it. Marshall shouldered his way past Mackie and then dodged round another Cathkin defender, but he appeared at an impossible angle when left to shoot. But he evidently spied an opening, and, letting fly, the crowd roared when they saw the ball flashing into the far corner of the net, with Robb looking on helpless.

Davie M'Lean looked greatly chagrined at missing that penalty. One of the Thistle defenders fisted the ball in the box, and M'Lean carefully placed the ball, but to the delight of the home crowd Ferguson anticipated the flight of a terrific drive and lifted the sphere over the bar.

After this Thirds fell in pieces for a spell, but the Thistle forwards failed to improve the shining hour. Towards the close Thirds applied the pressure, and the home defence had a very worrying time of it, but Ferguson kept his head, and dealt confidently with any shots which came his way. Once Thirds were all but through in a melee in front of the Thistle goal. How the ball was got away was a miracle, and Weir's parting shot hit the upright with Ferguson beaten, but a Thistle defender chipped in opportunely, and kicked clear. Bar the penalty kick, this was the closest shave the Thistle's goal survived during the game.

THE PLAYERS.

For the winners the defence played well, but both Bulloch and Adams have kicked more confidently many a time. The half-back line was splendid. The inside trio were best in the van, and Marshall was plied with some fine balls by King and M'Ewan. Whittle was too anxious to part with the leather, and Mackie had rather the better of the bouts. "Gray" was not exactly a success at outside left, but he was up against a towsy defender in M'Cormack.

It was not the fault of the Cathkin defenders that the Thirds did not win. They kept up their end wonderfully when the Thistle forwards were keen for goals. Barry was the pick of a hard-working half-back line. Stirling and Steven were best among the forwards. The ex-Dundee man had many lively tussles with Adams, and he sent across some capital balls. Stirling, after a weak start, improved after the cross over, and the speedy winger often had Bulloch in queer street. M'Lean was too closely shadowed to be really dangerous, and Weir, while individually clever, did not shoot with his accustomed deadliness.

Partick Thistle—Ferguson; Adams and Bulloch; Brough, Hamilton, and M'Mullan; Whittle, M'Ewan, A. Marshall, J. King, and "Gray."
Third Lanark—Robb; M'Cormack and Mackie; Walker, Barry, and M. Brown; J. Stirling (Bradford), Bennie, M'Lean, Weir, and Steven.

THE LEAGUE RACE.

DUMBARTON DOWN.

ST MIRREN, 2; DUMBARTON, 1.

The opening interchanges in this game played at Paisley promised splendidly. Naturally, Dumbarton were well in the picture, due to the breeze being in their favour. At the interval there was no scoring. When St Mirren had the breeze goals came quickly, first by Harris, and then by Lindsay. Their scoring, however, then ended, but the Sons of the Rock struggled on bravely, and a deserving goal fell to them ten minutes from time. Cairney was the scorer, but Thom gave him his chance. The better team won. Dumbarton, however, deserved great credit for their splendid uphill fight. For the winners Harris was once more a home success. He was splendidly attended by Lindsay, while Miller was a great improvement on his former trial. There did not appear to be a weak spot in the St Mirren defence lines. Dumbarton were also strong in the rear lines. M'Grory was a host in himself. Gunn likewise did exceptionally well. Cairney and Thom were prominent throughout. Miller kept a great goal for the losers.

St Mirren—Hillcoat; Marshall and Callaghan; Brown, Pringle, and Walls; Higginbotham, Miller, Harris, Lindsay, and Drummond.
Dumbarton—Miller; M'Grory and Gunn; Wilson, Reaside, and M'Gregor; Ritchie, M'Kinn, Cairney, Finnie, and Thom.

LUCKY MOTHERWELL.

MOTHERWELL, 1; KILMARNOCK, 1.

Motherwell's home followers have good reason for a grumble at the lackadaisical display of their team. They ought to have been beaten, and only the ineptitude of Culley, who missed gilt-edged chances galore, saved them. Ferguson was well blanketed all the first period by Goldie, and the result was that the Motherwell centre got few shots in. It was left to Rankin to find a way past Blair. M'Intosh it was who cleverly passed to the 'Well inside right, who shot hard and true. Perhaps Gray and Morgan deserve some of the credit too, for they brought down the ball in clever style. The raiding style of Fulton and M'Phail was always dangerous, and it was this pair who brought the equaliser. A lapse by M'Intosh and Finlayson allowed M'Phail away, and he crossed for Fulton to bang home a nipper. M'Skimming played a brilliant game. When the chance of victory seemed to be slipping Motherwell wakened up, but Hamilton and Mitchell played the game of their lives. There was a little clever play by both sets of forwards. It was a tame game, in which Killie predominated.

Motherwell—Rundell; Findlayson and M'Skimming; M'Intosh, Stewart, and Archibald; Kelly, Rankin, Ferguson, Gray, and Morgan.
Kilmarnock—Blair; Hamilton and Mitchell; Henderson, J. Goldie, and Johnstone; Fulton, Smith, Culley, A. Goldie, and M'Phail.

HIBS HAPPY.

HIBS, 3; AIRDRIEONIANS, 1.

At Easter Road Hibs surprised Airdrie and themselves, and registered the first League victory of the season. Airdrie had a good share of the play, but the shooting of Yarnell and company was miserable. In each half Yarnell had only M'Manus between him and success, and on each occasion he shot wide of the mark. Hibs' opening League goal of the season, which fell to Kilpatrick, was of the soft order, but Meany's goal—the second one—was a nice effort. "Barney" Smith was credited with the third goal for Hibs, Bernard allowing the long drive to pass between his legs into the net.

Recognising their position, Airdrie put more vim into their succeeding play, but the only goal scored for Airdrie came too late to affect the ultimate result. Donaldson and Anderson were much below their usual. M'Manus, Borthwick, Brown, and Smith were at the top of their form. The inclusion of M'Candless, the Bradford and Irish International player of the Hibs' left wing, improved their forward division considerably. Bernard did not shine. Donald had a hot afternoon with M'Candless and Meany. Of the halves Kennedy was the most successful.

Hibernians—M'Manus; Borthwick and Dornan; Kerr, Brown, and Smith; Kilpatrick, Adshead, Walker, Meaney, and M'Candless.
Airdrieonians—Bernard; M'Donald and Watson; Knox, Kennedy, and Hart; Rankin, Anderson, Yarnall, Donaldson, and Paterson.

MORTON'S EASY WIN.

MORTON, 3; HAMILTON A., 0.

Hamilton Academicals were admittedly unlucky to lose a goal in the first half at Greenock, but in the second period Morton took full charge of the game, and finished easy winners. Five thousand were present. Play had been ten minutes started when the Accies gave away a penalty, which M'Intyre converted. The visitors were clever on the ball, and carried out many promising runs, but they badly wanted driving power. In the shooting line their forwards were particularly weak, and Bradford got comparatively little to do.

The later stages of the game were marked by much spirited play, Morton excelling in dash and finish. M'Intyre had a great goal, and it was smart play by the right half that enabled Wright to get a third.

Gourlay was Morton's best forward. Lister shaped well, and pleased the crowd. Newman, who took Seamore's place, filled it with credit. Graham shone in the Academicals' middle line. Miller was notable for the firm stand he made against Morton's vigorous attack.

Morton—Bradford; Morrison and Ormonde; M'Intyre, Wright, and M'Lean; M'Nab, Gourlay, Lister, Stevenson, and "Newman."
Hamilton Academicals—Craig; Robertson and Miller; Purdie, Graham, and "Anderson"; M'Neil, Murphy, Kelly, M'Lennan, and Greenhorn.

HEARTS HUMBLED.

FALKIRK, 4; HEARTS, 0.

The spectators at Brockville Park got full value for their money in the match between Falkirk and the Hearts. The trickery of Jocky Simpson provided the crowd with rare satisfaction. Falkirk opened the account in rather a surprising fashion. The ball came to M'Culloch from the right; he passed it to Main, who slipped and fell as he shot. It went loosely between the legs of [illegible] found an off corner of the net.

The second half was distinctly to the Bairns, who, controlled mind, made ducks and d[illegible] Hearts' defence. While Sim[illegible] did not score, he was the life [illegible] and at times he had humming him a bevy of four or five palpitating Hearts. The w[illegible] accounted for other two M'Culloch one. Black, in [illegible] Hearts, played a magnificent [illegible] clair was the best forward. M[illegible] old Falkirk man, seldom had [illegible] and the Hearts suffered for [illegible] polished and experience[illegible] M'Intosh was the best of the [illegible] Barnes did well at centre hal[illegible] kirk, the half-backs, Scott [illegible] were best. Tom Logan is [illegible] form. The defence was sound.

Falkirk—Allan; M'Leod and W[illegible] Logan, and Harvie; Simpson, Wats[illegible] loch, and M'Millan.
Hearts—Black; M'Intosh and M[illegible] Barnes, and Connacher; Sinclair, M[illegible] bigging, Drummond, and Sharp.

CLYDE CRUSH AYR

AYR UNITED, 1; CLYDE 3.

Clyde and Ayr United made their teams, the Glasgow side make a considerable rearrange[illegible] the non-appearance of Forrest. Even against a strong wind, wh[illegible] the field, Ayr United opened fashion, and Shingleton had [illegible] moments, notably on one oc[illegible] Devine flashed the ball with [illegible] against the crossbar. Clyde's [illegible] came more settled as the game [illegible] and well led by M'Gowan the [illegible] wards were often swarming near Lock, was distinctly lucky to save a shot fro[illegible] centre ere he finally had to own defeat. goal came about in this way at the [illegible] twenty-eight minutes. A corner was [illegible] and the ball landed among several pl[illegible] and finally came to M'Gowan, who [illegible] Lock no chance. Clyde had the lion's [illegible] of the play to the interval.

The boot was on the other foot on resumption, however, and Crosbie in [illegible] minutes, equalised with a capital [illegible] Shimmon and Chambers were there [illegible] prominent for the visitors with clever [illegible] but it was when least expected that the [illegible] ning goal came. Bell made a poor at[illegible] to pass the ball back to Lock, and Shim[illegible] rushing ahead, caught on, and hustled [illegible] ball past Lock into the open goal, whic[illegible] goalkeeper had left rather too late to [illegible] cept him. Three minutes from the [illegible] M'Gowan made siccar following a neat [illegible] from Morris. There was no doubt [illegible] Clyde were deserving winners, their [illegible] wards especially being clever and reso[illegible] ful. Ayr started off well but finished [illegible] poorly. For the Clyde M'Gowan, Cham[illegible] Rae, and Thorpe were best, but all did [illegible] while for the losers Crosbie, Middleton, [illegible] Devine were the pick.

Ayr United—Lock; Bell and Brock; Sankey, [illegible] merville, and M'Laughlan; Middleton, C[illegible] M'Naughton, Devine, and Brown.
Clyde—Shingleton; Thorpe and Neave; [illegible] Cowan, and Watson; Morris, Maxwell, M[illegible] Chambers, and Shimmon.

QUEEN'S GET POINT[illegible]

QUEEN'S PARK, 3; CLYDEBANK[illegible]

It was a drab game at Hampden, [illegible] thrills, and Queen's won because they [illegible] always a shade better than the oppo[illegible] in finishing. Clydebank went with [illegible] wind, and it took them 15 minutes t[illegible] in touch with the Queen's goalie. [illegible] were a finical lot with their tapping [illegible] ball, and till they discard their close [illegible] and adopt go-ahead methods points w[illegible] difficult to get. The fancy work a[illegible] the halves was all against the condi[illegible] and proved simply wasted energy. Q[illegible] were no great side on the day's show[illegible] Cowan was a spectator, and Frank W[illegible] has made a start for overseas, and wi[illegible] a capable leader they didn't impress[illegible] they took their chances and won. C[illegible] bank were first to score. Trueman [illegible] across. Campbell failed to land his [illegible] ance, and Jarvis, lying handy, had a [illegible] passage for the first count. The Red [illegible] White had chances galore to make the [illegible] secure before the turn over, but Croot [illegible] a sorry mess of things more often than [illegible] Clydebank were on the lead at the [illegible]

After the resumption Queen's le[illegible] through Ford. Fancy M'Turk all[illegible] himself to be beaten with a 40 yards' [illegible] kick! Centre Morton scored a coup[illegible] goals, both off his napper. One was [illegible] Aitken's pass and one from a pass b[illegible] brother Alan, and we had a tousy [illegible] with tempers lost and regained, an[illegible] over Queen's were the better side. D[illegible] for Queen's was safe in goal. A. S[illegible] son, of Rob Roy, made a promising [illegible] show as partner to Campbell. Inglis [illegible] be singled out as the best of the m[illegible] line, while forward A. L. Morton, [illegible] well, and M'Millan were the pick. C[illegible] bank were well served by M'Turk, F[illegible] ton, and Ferguson. Trueman was the [illegible] conspicuous of the halves.

Queen's Park—H. Duncan; A. Stevenson, Roy) and J. Campbell; A. Ford, J. Reid, J. D. M. Inglis; W. J. Aitken, H. M'Millan, Morton, E. J. Cresswell, and A. L. Morton.
Clydebank—M'Turk; Fullarton and Fer[illegible] Neish, S. Forrest, and H. Trueman; Goldie, Br[illegible] Jarvis, Travers, and F. Croot.

FANCIES FOR SATURD[illegible]

Scottish League—Clyde to beat Queen's; Partick Thistle to beat Hibs; Third Lanark to beat St Mirren; Clydebank and Ayr United to draw; Airdrieonians to beat Motherwell; Dumbarton to lose to Rangers; Hamilton Academicals to lose to Falkirk; Hearts to lose to Celtic; Kilmarnock to draw; Morton to draw.
English Matches—Blackburn Rovers to beat Burnley; Blackpool to lose to Stockport; Bolton Wanderers and Bury to draw; Everton to lose to Liverpool; Manchester United to beat Manchester City; Port Vale to beat Stoke; Preston to beat Oldham; Rochdale to beat Southport Central.
Birmingham and Barnsley to draw; Bradford to lose to Notts Forest; Grimsby Town to beat Hull; with Bradford; Huddersfield to beat Sheffield United; Lincoln City to lose to Sheffield United; Sheffield Wednesday to lose to Leicester Fosse.
West Ham to beat Tottenham; Fulham to beat Millwall; Queen's Park Rangers to beat Clapton Orient; Arsenal to lose to Chelsea; Crystal Palace and Brentford to draw.

BILLIARDS.

Reece (Received 1000).
Inman, [illegible]

The Clydebank forwards [illegible] parlour play.

HE WESTERN LEAGUE

URPRISE FOR VALE OF LEVEN.

LE OF LEVEN, 2; ARTHURLIE, 3.

Leven club fell unexpectedly to the Barrt at Milburn Park by the odd goal in five. Vale were beaten by the better team. Arthurfreed with freedom, and Miller opened the with a fine shot, which deserved to find the afterwards Stewart had a second, and at interval the Vale were two goals down. Vale more prominent in the second portion, and minutes after the restart John Miller counted, found the net again, the Arthurlie custodian ng the ball to fall out of his hands. Crichton ained for Arthurlie in the last ten minutes hing game.

OOD GAME AT COATBRIDGE.

ION ROVERS, 2; JOHNSTONE, 1.

Coatbridge. Early on Robertson slipped beHudson and Thom, and scored somewhat for the visitors. From this on to near the al Rovers monopolised the game. Galbraith d up a perfect cross from Henderson, and vol- in a beauty, which Smith had no chance to The Rovers got up a cracking pace, and Dunheaded through from a brainy pass from the Galbraith.

ers crossed over leading by 2-1. During the d half Rovers again had the whip hand. Their rds combined well, and were very tenacious. th was a particularly bright spot, and Smith numerous deadly shots to save from that r. The visitors' right wing, especially Murray, strong and effective. Smith's goal-saving was feature of the game. Ralston, Thom, Galbraith, Henderson were best for Albion Rovers, while Thomson, Stirling, and Murray were the for Johnstone.

EVERSE FOR ABERCORN

MBRATON HARP, 3; ABERCORN, 1.

rners put up a good fight at Meadow Park, Harp richly deserved their victory. In half an Watson scored for the Harp with an express ery, and R. Black almost equalised with a effort. Towards the interval Johnstone scored d's second goal after a capital individual run, just before the whistle blew Waters counted Abercorn. The second portion was only two utes gone when Johnstone scored a third goal Harp. Abercorn played hard to reduce the , but weak finishing spoiled several good ngs. Near the close Johnstone had the opportunity of scoring another goal from a penalty, but a sorry mess of the kick. Prominent for the ners were M'Bride, Robertson, Thomson, Watt, Johnstone, and Brown, while Smith, Young, ngall, Waters, and Currie were outstanding Abercorn.

RENTON'S REVERSE.

NTON, 1; STEVENSTON UNITED, 3.

e thousand spectators witnessed the game at ine Park. Renton fielded their best side, while visitors faced the music minus Spairs, their back, whose place was taken by Buchan, of ton. In six minutes the United were two goals e good. Howie had the first from a perfect by Anderson, while Hillhouse spurted away on ers and scored the second from well out. Renton became aggressive, with the result that Ritchie d the net with a capital shot. Stevenston led 2-1 at the interval. Renton excelled in attack the second half, but their luck was out, while Ayrshire custodian offered a heroic defence. Brown scored for the visitors from a breakaway. Renton sustained their first defeat on Teatime

HE EASTERN LEAGUE.

LEVER COWDENBEATH.

RMADALE, 0; COWDENBEATH, 1.

Armadale yesterday. Cowdenbeath were with- Penman and Terriss, who lost train connection, and his wingers battled stoutly for an open- but were up against it in Gillespie, Birrell, and an, a dour, determined, and resourceful trio. dale forwards were oftener attacking, but was great lack of method in their attacks. petting Armadale's backs Ross did splendid led well, but in Gibb during the first half he a bit of hot stuff. Half-time arrived without side having scored.

the second half Cowdenbeath attacked with freedom, and ultimately getting into a fine on Kelly scored a beautiful goal. After this Armadale pressed with keenness for the ser. Time and again Cowdenbeath's defence tred, but fine saving by Neish kept the visi- citadel intact. Cowdenbeath won on their

DUNDEE DOWN DUNFERMLINE.

NDEE, 2; DUNFERMLINE ATH., 1.

Dens Park, before 3000 spectators. Neither adopted the right methods to derive ad- ge from the wind. Dundee were the better and though they had the aid of the wind in first half it was not until the second that showed a little of their true form. The visitors an aggressive lot, Neave, on the left wing, particularly conspicuous, and three times he Bowes. Towards the interval Dunfermline ed persistently, and in the end they were ded with a goal, Catherall converting a corner. Dundee equalised through Moyes, who ped up a pass from M'Cann on the left.

second half saw Dundee early storming the rs' citadel, and Davidson had a smart save Herron on the right. Both goals then had ow escapes. Dundee eventually got on the head. ng, from a place kick, sent out to Taylor, landed the ball into the net. Prominent for fermline were Baillie, right back; Robertson, half; and Fisher and Neave, forward. For Dunfermline were Baillie, right back; Robertson, Hutton and Nairn were strong in the back ine, whilst forward Herron, Taylor, and F. ray were best.

EAST FIFE OUTED.

AST FIFE, 0; DUNDEE HIBS, 1.

ndee Hibs, in this match at Methil, were able turn the tables on East Fife for their defeat at adow Park. In the first half East Fife, if ing had the pull, and pressed strongly against ir wind. Ballony, as custodian, however, kept ed goal, and his backs gave him every assis- There was no scoring at half-time. The ll men set the pace on resumption. Moffat Beath had good shots, which just missed. The played a strong defensive game, and the ll forwards were unable to press home the After doing the bulk of the pressing, it alling to East Fife when M'Guire opened the e with ten minutes to play. In the closing tes the excitement rose to a high pitch, when nalty was awarded East Fife off Rennie. The was taken by Tonner who struck the upright. Dundee Hibs Ballour, Rennie, Taylor, Thomand Munro were prominent, while Paterson, and Allan were out-standing for the losers. ir defence was strong, but the forwards through their weakness at close

POWDERHALL PEDS.

ounds of pedestrian handicaps were run at ernal yesterday. For the two miles there contrants, with M'Crae Bannock, and for the 100 yards sprint 158 entry heats. Two Miles Handicap—1 Musselburgh; 2 (15s) W. Wilson, 3 Sergeant J. Riely, Edinburgh 2 to 1 on Collins, 4 to 1 against Rielly, 10 to 1 the others. Won by 9 min. 37 secs.

(C5) Pte. F. H. Austin, London Hyland, Drumcross (11s); 3 Sergeants Edinburgh (10). Betting: Hyland, 3 to 1 against G. Makwell, 4 to 1 against Austin, 6 to 1 Won by inches. Time—11¼ secs.

GOOD THINGS FOR AYR.

BY THE COLONEL.

I am told that Aerschot has to win a race at this meeting, and it seems to me that the Ayrshire Handicap is the most likely one for him to take. I do not care to split Aerschot and Parrot, but must nap the former should he run in this race. In his absence Parrot would be my nap selection, with Search and Frustration to complete the leading trio.

For the Trial Plate I shall go nap for Genius to win, expecting most danger from Delia and the selected of Buckstaffe and East River colt.

Bridge of Weir is my nap for the Cra'gmillan Plate, fearing most danger from Cheerhako and Resilience.

Indian Feast is my nap selection for the Stewards' Plate. Killadoon must be my nap selection for the Auchenective Welter. In his absence I should take Pernis to win, with Royal Bucks and La Flotte for places.

For the Doon Plate I shall give Mount Lebanon second place to C.P., with Schanzyl as the likeliest one to complete the trio.

Saturday, Sept. 29.—2.30—Genius, nap; if absent, Delia. 3.0—Bridge of Weir, nap; if absent, Cheerhako. 3.30—Indian Feast, nap; if absent, Fizz Bang. 4.0—Killadoon, nap; if absent, Pernis. 4.40—Aerschot, nap; if absent, Parrot. 5.20—C.P., nap; if absent, Mount Lebanon. One horse selection—Killadoon Double—Killadoon and Indian Feast.

NEWMARKET NIPS.

TUESDAY Sept. 25—Stones Handicap—Yankee Pro, nap; if absent, South Parade. Long Melford Handicap—84 Quin, nap; if absent, Severs. Shippea Hill Handicap (Div. 1)—Polyorama, nap; if absent, Oratrice. Shippea Hill Handicap (Div. 2)—Allan Brig, nap; if absent, Miss Cheek. Gamlingay Plate (Div 1)—Thyme, nap; if absent, Wise Dove. Gamlingay Plate (Div. 2)—Polyscope, nap; if absent, Shenley Boy. Bluntisham Plate—Summoner, nap; if absent, Nonpareil. Nap Selection—Summoner. Double—Summoner and Thyme.

WEDNESDAY, Sept 26.—Maiden Plate—Ancient and Modern, nap; if absent, Checkmate. Kedlington Handicap—Ecurie, nap; if absent, Tortona. Welter Handicap—Will o' the Wisp, nap; if absent, Reprisal. Hawkedon Handicap—Henu, nap; if absent, Corn Exchange. Thornton Plate—Elfin, nap; if absent, Passing. Gold Cup—Gay Crusader, nap; Sanctum, place. Nap Selection—Menu. Double—Menu and Ancient and Modern.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27.—Long Course Plate—Bentley, nap; if absent, Douai. Wicken Plate—Checkmate, nap; if absent, Saltpetre. Maiden Plate—Brigand, nap; if absent, Daisy Square. Silverley Handicap—Sibyl Grey, nap; if absent, The Square. Freckenham Plate—Willumsen, nap; if absent, Hampshire Lily. Selling Handicap—Serbia, nap; if absent, Dilston. Nap Selection—Serbit. Double—Serbia and Bentley.

CURRAGH CINCHES.

TUESDAY, Sept. 25.—1.30—Ethel H., nap; if absent, Corrie. 2.0—Pericardium, nap; if absent, Sikh. 2.40—Mr Blake's selected (Caradoc or Elfertion). 3.10—Chelsho, nap; if absent, Gilt Edge. 3.40—Dara Bay, nap; if absent, Gypsy King. 4.10—Captive Princess, nap; if absent, I See. Nap—Ethel H. Double—Captive Princess and Ethel H.

WEDNESDAY Sept. 26.—1.30—Archway, nap; if absent, Lady Evie. 2.0—Dermot M'Carthy, nap; if absent, Inconstant George. 2.40—Double Dew, nap; if absent, Crom Aboo. 3.10—Strolling Saint, nap; if absent, Sheriff's Officer. 3.40—Corrie, nap; if absent, Battleplane. 4.10—Mountain Dawn, nap; if absent, Bookie. Nap—Strolling Saint. Double—Strolling Saint and Mountain Dawn.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27—1.30—Planta Genista, nap; if absent, Rosina. 2.0—Double Dew, nap; if absent, Orb. 2.40—Caradoc, nap; if absent, Benevente. 3.10 — Duke of Brandon, nap; if absent, Crosley. 3.40—Cally, nap; if absent, Dara Bay. 4.10—Ballinacarrig, nap; if absent, Senator. Nap—Caradoc. Double—Caradoc and Double Dew.

WINDSOR.

3.0—Merry Wives' Nursery Handicap.—Pop the Question (J. H. Martin), 4-7, 1; Hemell (Fea), 5-1, 2; Greig (A. Wheatley), 100-6, 3. Twelve ran.

2.0—Frogmore Welter Handicap.—Trinity Square (J. H. Martin), 8-1, 1; Square Bell (A. Smith) 6-1, 2; Dark Lines (A. Wheatley), 4-1, 3. Fourteen ran.

2.30—Lock Selling Nursery Handicap.—Froggie (R. Cooper), 11-4, 1; Beauty of Kildare (Donoghue), 4-1, 2; Papavero (O'Madden), 100-12, 3. Fourteen ran.

3.30—Royal Borough Handicap.—Saxon (Fox), 10-1, 1; Severa (G. Hulme), 5-2, 2; Haki (O. Madden), 6-1, 3. Nine ran.

4.0—Farnham Three-Year-Old Selling Plate.—The Settler (Hulme), 11-8, 1; Laud (G. Trill), 10-1, 2; Will o' the Wisp (Donoghue), 11-10, 3. Six ran.

4.30—Stoke Poges Plate.—By Jingo (Donoghue), 6-5, 1; Planes (Lancaster), evens, 2; Elisalexi (Earl), 20-1, 3. Seven ran.

PHŒNIX PARK.

3.0—Liffey Handicap Plate.—The Hun (E. M. Quirke), 6-1, 1; Corrie (Dines), 5-2, 2; Jiltrim (Reilly), 8-1, 3. Eleven ran.

3.30—Weight-for-Age Plate — Cally (R. Reilly), 4-5, 1; Fairlight (T. Burns), 7-2, 2; Norse (E. M. Quirke), 3. Five ran.

4.0—Enniskillen Plate.—Timber (W. Barrett), 5-4, 1; Inceantus (H. Beasley), 6-1, 2; Hibernian Chief (J. Sinnott), 50-1, 3. Eight ran.

4.30—Selling Nursery Plate.—Volage Pet (A. Dardis), 100-8, 1; Sea Trout (H. Beasley), 7-2, 2; Aquamarine (G. Wedgwood), 100-6, 3. Seventeen ran.

5.30—Mulhuddert Welter Handicap Plate.—Lady Colin (E. M. Quirke), 4-1, 1; Certosa Di Pavia (W. Banett), 7-2, 2; Holy Mac (G. Wedgwood), 7-1, 3. Eight ran.

5.0—Telka Handicap.—Longerline (T. Burns), 6-1 and Wenchal (J. Dines), 5-1 (dead heat); St Nathey (J. Carity), 20-1, 3. Twelve ran.

QUOITING.

John Kane and Edward Kane, Darngavie (41) beat James Menzies and John Baird, Bankhead (19). Pitching match for £30.

J. Sharkey, Kilsyth, 61; T. Leishman, Twechar, 41. Quoiting match for £10.

Lanarkshire v. Scottish Association Select—At Motherwell yesterday. Scores:—Lanarkshire—J. Walkinshaw and A. Cameron, 21; A. Nelson and R. Wardrop, 21; J. Nimmo and J. Burns, 21; R. M'Bride and R. Nimmo, 13—total, 76. Scottish—J. Orr and D. Sheoch, 16; A. Bulloch and J. Bell, 12; R. Laidlaw and J. Walker, 11; J. M'Auley and W. Knox, 7—total, 46.

£20 Match at Bo'ness—Clark, 61; Shanks, 51.

£20 Match at Kirkintilloch—H. O'Donnell, Eastside, 61; P. Donnelly, Townhead, 36.

£10 Match at Twechar—J. Hartley, Kilsyth, 61; T. Leishman, Twechar, 41.

£30 Match at Kilsyth—Edward Kane and John Kane, Garscavie, 41; James Menzies and John Baird, Bankneck, 19.

New Stevenston Tourney—Semi-Final—David M'Neill, New Stevenston, and John Chalmers, Kirkintilloch, met yesterday. M'Neill did the most of the counting, and at half-game led 22-17. Mac continued to lead, and was a good winner. M'Neill, 41; John Chalmers, 23.

Bankhead Medal Tourney—Final result—J. Boyd, 21; J. Orr, 19.

£10 Match at Innsbridge Green—Welsh, Kilsyth, and P. Friel, Kirkintilloch, met yesterday for £10. Welsh stood 31-16 at half-game, and ran to 31-20, when Friel ran 16 shots, but was latterly beaten at 41-39.

£40 Match at Falkirk—P. Hamilton, Blackbraes, 61; R. Sneddon, Shieldhall, 51.

Frew is looking for another match from Alec Kirkwood. Red Row; or if they have anything better in their stables Frew will meet him for £20 or £25 a-side.

EASTERN LEAGUE AFFAIRS.

A meeting of the Eastern League was held in Kirkcaldy yesterday. St Bernards withdrew their application for readmission to the League on account of inability to get their ground in order after its occupation by the military. The following ties were drawn in the Eastern Cup competition:—

First Round—Armadale v. Raith Rovers, Dundee Hibs v. Dunfermline, East Fife v. Cowdenbeath, Dundee a bye.

Second Round—East Fife or Cowdenbeath v. Armadale or Raith Rovers, Dundee v. Dundee Hibs or Dunfermline.

Penman Cup—First Round—Raith Rovers v. Armadale, Dunfermline v. Dundee, East Fife v. Dundee Hibs, Cowdenbeath a bye.

Second Round—Dunfermline or Dundee v. Raith Rovers or Armadale, East Fife or Dundee Hibs v. Cowdenbeath.

WHIPPETING.

GLASGOW HANDICAP.

Another £20 handicap in thirty heats, four semi-finals and final, made up the card at Glasgow yesterday.

First Semi-Final—Mr Mack's Lady Voyage (20½) and Mr Anderson's Family Pride (23) and Mr Harper's Baker (28½) (dead heat for second place). Second Semi-Final—Mr Brigg's Sweet Violet (32½) and Mr Smith's Silver Chain (25). Third Semi-Final—Mr Mitchell's Maud (31½) and Mr Gray's Snatch (33½). Fourth Semi-Final Mr M'Lean's Spider (28½) and Mr Brown's Mary A. (32). Final—1 Mr M'Lean's Spider, 2 Mr Brown's Mary A., 3 Mr Smith's Silver Chain. Also ran Lady Voyage, Family Pride, Baker, Sweet Violet, Maud, and Snatch. Betting—2 to 1 against each Lady Voyage and Family Pride, 4 to 1 against Spider, 8 to 1 Silver Chain, 10 to 1 others. Exciting finish. Won by a head.

COATBRIDGE MEET.

The programme opened with the semi-finals of last week's racing, which resulted as follows:—First Semi-Final—M'Cormack's Liza (22). Second Semi-Final—Winnan's Run On (29). Third Semi-Final—Bushell's Carnhill Lad (20). Final—1 Liza, 2 Run On.

Twenty heats in the new handicap were afterwards completed, the winners being as follows:—Anderson's Bell Street Lass (25), Clyde's Betty (20), Alexander's Golden Gleam (31), M'Ghie's Billy Gray (31), Allan's Black Sherry (30), O'Brien's Monkey (30), Johnstone's Molly (33), M'Ghie's Postboy (33), Thomson's Dr Crippen (32), Flanagan's Molly O (32), Galloway's Orangeville (24), Smith's Go Bang (37), Shank's Don't Finish (32), Walker's Jim Larkin (20) Gorrie's Vesta Tilley (24), Bell's Shy Lass (31), Willies' Whippet Boy (34), Key's Pat Breslin (20), Clark's Kitty (19), Watson's Black Dandy (28).

LOCHGELLY DOGS.

1 Mabel (Mr Menzies, Glencraig), (13½); 2 Brittanic (Mr Robertson, Kelty) (17); 3 Queen Elizabeth (Mr Paton, Lochgelly) (17½); 4 Just in Time (Mr Nixon, Lochore) (10½). Betting—6 to 4 on Mabel.

EDINBURGH HANDICAP.

At Powderhall yesterday afternoon a 190 yards handicap in twenty-eight heats drew out 194 dogs. Finalists—Thomson's (Edinburgh) Primrose (30); Chalmers' (Tranent) Cowboy (26); Douglas' (Leith) Come Away (31); Ritchie's (Denbeath) Sir Thomas (25); and Barclay's (Edinburgh) Success (31). Result:—(£8) Success, 1; Primrose, 2; Come Away, 3; Cowboy and Success, 5 to 2 against Sir Thomas, 6 to 1 against Primrose, 10 to 1 against Come Away Won on the tape. Time—10½ secs.

£100 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Here is an opportunity of winning £100.

All you have to do is to forecast sixteen correct results. There is NO NEED TO GIVE SCORES.

The competitor who gives the sixteen correct results gets the £100 In the event of more than one competitor being correct, the prize will be divided.

If no competitor sends in a coupon giving the sixteen correct results, a Consolation Prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the coupon with the largest number of correct results.

In the event of more than one competitor sending in a coupon with the same number of correct results the Consolation Prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a list of sixteen matches which are to be played on Saturday, September 29.

Strike out in ink the name of the club you think will lose. If in your opinion the game will end in a draw, leave the names of both competing teams.

In the event of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed, the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold good.

Any number of entry forms may be enclosed in the same envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address, and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to the competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SEPTEMBER 29.

Blackpool	v.	Stockport Co.
Everton	v.	Liverpool.
Manchester C.	v.	Manchester U.
Port Vale	v.	Stoke.
Birmingham	v.	Barnsley.
Lincoln City	v.	Sheffield U.
Rotherham Co.	v.	Leeds City.
Sheffield Wed.	v.	Leicester F.
West Ham U.	v.	Tottenham H.
Fulham	v.	Millwall.
Arsenal	v.	Chelsea.
Airdrieonians	v.	Motherwell
Clydebank	v.	Ayr United.
Hearts	v.	Celtic.
Kilmarnock	v.	Morton.
Dumbarton	v.	Rangers.

I enter this competition in accordance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signature, ...

Address, ...

.....

.....

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for the loss or non-delivery of any entry form, and will not accept proof of postage as proof of receipt or delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry without good and sufficient reason

Entries must be sent by post addressed to "£100 Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special," 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so that they reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday, September 26

Football Contest Result—Matches Played Sept. 15.

No one correctly forecasted all the results in above contest, but eleven competitors submitted forms showing three errors each. Our Consolation Prize of £10 is therefore divided amongst them. The winners' names are:—Jas. T. Watt, c/o M'Laren, Garnock Grove, Glengarnock, Ayr; Victor Pugh, 3 Spring Road, Kilt Green, near Wigan; M. Meir, 58 Rochester Road, Roch Ferry, Cheshire; Thos. Drake 3 Clare Street, Islington, Liverpool; R. Cleland, 27 Benwham Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne; J. Brown, 44 St Ronan's Road, Monkseaton, Northumberland; H. Rollo, 46 Watson Street, Dundee; Wm. Hand, Prison Buildings, Peterhead; Wm. Bowie, 3 Ronald Place, Stirling; John Allan, Cowie's Buildings, East Calder, by Mid-Calder; Albert Daly, 51 East Clyde Street, Clydebank.

SPORTS AT INVERNESS.

Inverness, Saturday Night.

Several thousand spectators were present at a great Athletic Carnival, in Northern Meeting Park, Inverness, this afternoon.

The sports brought out large numbers of competitors from several batteries of Garrison Artillery in northern districts. Fine running was witnessed, the relay race being won by the Garrison Artillery. The tug-of-war was also won by a Garrison Artillery team, the Cameron Highlanders being second.

Your Youngster Days!

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Do you remember your youngster days? How you could keep going all day long, and what an appetite you had! How you hated to go to bed at night! How soundly you slept! Why not now?

Is it because you're older, now, that a meal isn't a treat; that you feel tired all the time, and nervous?

No The best athletes are grown men, stronger far than they were as lads.

It's because your habits have changed. As a youngster you ran and exercised all day. Take some exercise now, if it's only walking. Maybe you overwork, eat too much meat, get too little sleep, use alcohol unnecessarily.

Careless habits let uric acid into the blood, weaken the kidneys, and cause backache, rheumatism, urinary disorders, and a dull, drowsy state.

Wake the kidneys. Use Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Go in for simple living for a while. It will do you good, and will lessen your need of medicine.

Send for Free Book on "Moderation, Cheerfulness, and Other Long Life Laws."

Glasgow Example.

On August 13th, 1915, Mr. D. M'Gregor, of 163 Parliamentary Road, Glasgow, said:—"Being out in all sorts of weather I think my rheumatism was brought on by exposure. It started in my right foot and then spread all over me. Cruel pains developed in every part of my body, and I was obliged to lay up. My left wrist was greatly swollen. I was so stiff and sore that I could not bear anything to touch me. The only medicine that did me lasting good was Doan's backache kidney pills. These pills cleansed the kidneys and removed the pains and stiffness, and as I persevered with them I gradually regained good health. I am now keeping very well, and I give Doan's pills the highest possible praise.

(Signed) "D. M'Gregor."

On July 25th, 1916—*nearly twelve months later*—Mr M'Gregor said:—"I have had good health, and kept quite free from rheumatism since Doan's pills cured me of it."

Be sure you ask for DOAN'S, and get DOAN'S—the Pills Mr. McGregor had.

DOAN'S PILLS

All dealers, or 2/9 a box, from Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells St., Oxford St., London, W.1.

STRONG AS THE STRONGEST

HOW TO GAIN ROBUST HEALTH .·. HOW TO RETAIN PHYSICAL FORCE

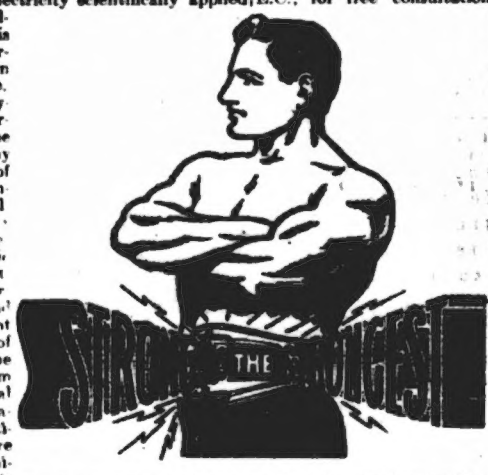
A FREE BOOK TO ALL

Why bear the burden of ill-health, loss of vigour, mental depression, or the ill effects of overwork? Enjoy a healthy, happy life. It is your duty to do so.

There is a method of Home Treatment which every ailing man and woman may adopt in perfect good faith and with unfailing success. It is Nature's own treatment of revitalisation through the medium of the Pulvermacher Electrological appliances and cure-in-the-home principle.

EVIDENCE AND PROOF.

Medical science agrees that the revitalising forces of electricity scientifically applied to weak and ailing humanity is one of the marvels of modern curative science. Numerous physicians and surgeons and the official Academy of Medicine of Paris fully endorse the Pulvermacher method of Curative electric Treatment Further confirmation is found in the abundant testimony of members of the Public, from professional men to mechanics and artisans, who have derived undeniable benefits from the Pulvermacher Treatment.



The Pulvermacher Appliances are the only inventions for the administration of curative electricity, endorsed by over fifty leading Doctors and by the official Academy of Medicine of Paris.

The appliances are convenient and comfortable—you wear them at home or at work, and all the time a current of new life is pouring gently and soothingly through the entire system, giving vitality to tired, overwrought nerves and pulling into vigorous healthy action the relaxed muscles of strength. The blood is cleansed, and the vital organs of the body thereby purified and built up into perfect fitness.

Your interest in your own health should persuade you to investigate the Pulvermacher Treatment. You are cordially invited to call on the Head Superintendent at Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., for free consultation; at the same time examine these wonderful appliances without any obligation whatever.

If you are a sufferer from:—

Neurasthenia
Insomnia
Const'pation
Kidney Troubles
Nervous Dyspepsia
Neuralgia
Rheumatism
Circulatory Disorders

you are earnestly invited to write for this Free Book, which describes the simplicity of the Electrological Treatment, which cures naturally, inexpensively, and in the privacy of your own home.

BOOK OF HEALTH GRATIS AND POST FREE.

You should avail yourself of this opportunity to secure a copy of the "Guide to Health and Strength," a book clearly explaining, in simple language, the causes of illness. It deals with such complaints as Nervous Weakness, Debility, Digestive Disorders (Indigestion, Constipation, &c.), Neuritis, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, Bad Circulation, Kidney, Bladder, and Liver Troubles. It tells you why you suffer and how you may be cured. Thousands have already been cured, thousands more are daily taking treatment while going about their daily tasks, for the Pulvermacher Treatment does not interfere with the ordinary routine of life.

POST THIS COUPON

By Posting this Free Form to-day you will receive the "Guide to Health and Strength" which has pointed the way successfully to thousands. You are under no obligation in applying for this book and particulars of the Pulvermacher Appliances.

Name, ...

Address, ...

.....

P.S. Post to the Superintendent, Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, Ltd., 74 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Sergeant J. Doyle, Royal Scots Fusiliers, whose home is in Barrack Street, Hamilton, has been awarded the D.C.M.

The potato disease known as the wart has been found to have infected plots at Kirkwood, near Coatbridge, and Glenboig.

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1917.

THE ZONE OF THE FIGHTING.

The most intense zone of the fighting lies astride the Ypres-Menin road, being, in fact, first directed against the German positions in Glencorse Wood, Inverness Copse, Neuve Boschen, and as much of the Polygon de Zonnebeke as stands on the high ground. The possession of these positions means the completion of our mastery of the ridge system which takes its name from the village of Westhoek. The Germans are naturally most apprehensive concerning the British Army's progress. They know very well that with the high ground in our hands we shall be able to give them a terrible gruelling in the near future if they choose to remain in the low-lying ground beyond the scene of our advance.

THIS YEAR'S OFFENSIVES.

The following is the list of British offensives this year:—

APRIL 9—Capture of Vimy Ridge.

JUNE 7—Attack in Ypres salient. Capture of Wytschaete and Messines.

JULY 31—Attack around Ypres on 15-mile front by British and French. Capture of Pilkem, St Julien, Frezenburg, Westhoek, Hollebeke, La Basse with Steenstraete and Bixschoote.

AUGUST 10—British attack east of Ypres, on front of two miles. Remainder of Westhoek and Westhoek Ridge captured and Glencorse Wood entered.

AUGUST 16—British attack south-east and east of Ypres from Langemarck to Glencorse Wood. Langemarck recaptured. French cross the Steenbeke.

AUGUST 28—British attack south and south-east of Langemarck.

SEPT. 20—Attacks start east of Ypres.

The number of prisoners captured by the British in this year's operations is about 50,000.

THE LATEST BRITISH OFFENSIVE

Reproduced by Special Arrangement with The Graphic.

Sir Douglas Haig has given the right sort of answer to peace talk emanating from Germany by his latest offensive, which was launched on an eight miles front from the Ypres-Comines Canal to the Ypres-Staden railway. This is the third great push during the present year in this sector. The first took place on July 31, when we attacked on a sixteen miles front, from the Lys to the Yser; and the second on August 16, when we attacked on the north and east sectors, getting on well in the former, but not quite so well in the latter. The recent attack is on the east, and the results are once more most satisfactory. The road from Ypres to Menin is a centre of great tactical importance, and it is not surprising that the Germans have contested every foot of the ground very fiercely, especially in the neighbourhood of the Inverness Copse—a little wood which has evidently received a Scottish christening by the Kilties. Scottish troops have again taken a big part in the capture of various positions which were very formidably fortified by the enemy. Hitherto bad weather has dogged Sir Douglas Haig's movements and deprived him of at least some of the more far-reaching results to which some of his initial victories should have led. It is earnestly hoped that better luck will come this time, and then our forces will have a much better chance. Each report that arrives from the front shows that our objectives are being maintained, and that our pressure is irresistible, with the result that the Huns are being compelled to relinquish their grip of various strongholds which they had boasted as invulnerable. The above map shows the progress of the British offensives since June, and gives a comprehensive idea of the region in which the present fighting is taking place. It will be observed that there is a good deal of hilly ground around Zonnebeke, and that is the neighbourhood where the British have been gaining important successes.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.